

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The China War
Problem

ONLY the most bellicose partisans wish for anything else but a Formosa Straits ceasefire, leading to a negotiated agreement respecting the future of Formosa. The reasons are plain enough. Only by direct American intervention can the China coast islands be prevented eventually from falling to the Chinese Communists; only by active participation by American forces could a Nationalist invasion of the mainland be attempted with any hope of success; and only by being prepared to challenge the military power of the United States could Communist China seriously entertain the idea of invading Formosa.

These are perfectly obvious facts, and if any of the three moves were made it would be but a prelude to World War III. It is this which must be kept in mind when appraising what should be the best action to be taken in resolving the problem of the China civil war and its effect on Formosa.

The British viewpoint, scoffed at in many quarters, nonetheless possesses its merits. To label it "appeasement" is just as ridiculous as describing the Eisenhower Administration's attitude as "warlike." Both countries are working for the same end — a negotiated settlement either through the offices of the United Nations Security Council or through diplomatic channels.

And America has given at least tacit approval to private diplomatic efforts to find ways of bringing the China shooting war to an end. This in itself should help to strengthen the efforts now reported to be under way in Moscow to find a practical formula on which negotiations could be started. If, as latest reports indicate, Russia appreciates the danger of allowing events to drift in the Formosa Strait, there is reason to hope that something useful will transpire from the diplomatic talks now going on. The world has too much to lose and nothing to gain by permitting that area to become the cockpit for a war of international dimensions.

EGYPT-ISRAEL CRISIS

US High Command
Shake-Up
Forecast

Washington, Mar. 4. President Eisenhower is considering a complete shake-up in the United States Military High Command, the authoritative Army - Navy - Air Force journal reported today.

The President is considering naming General J. Lawton Collins to be Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. Gen. Collins, former Army Chief of Staff, would replace General Alfred M. Gruenther in the North Atlantic Treaty post.

Gen. Gruenther would be brought home to succeed General Matthew B. Ridgway as Army Chief of Staff, according to the unofficial military publication. Gen. Collins is now serving as Mr. Eisenhower's military trouble shooter in Indo-China.

The journal also forecast that Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, may be named the next Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

In that event he would succeed Admiral Arthur W. Radford whose first term expires in mid-August.



GENERAL TWINING

Gen. Ridgway's appointment also runs out in mid-August and the journal said, "It is widely believed in the Army that Gen. Ridgway is not likely to be retained."

"Professional opinion in the Army is that Gen. Ridgway's age (60) and service, his publicly stated disagreement with Administration plans for cuts in Army manpower and the surprising failure of the Army Secretary, Mr. Robert T. Stevens, to back up his principal military adviser in expressing concern over the cuts to Congress, spell retirement for the Chief of Staff."—United Press.



GEN LAWTON COLLINS

COMMUNIST
AGITATORS
ARRESTED

Gaza, Mar. 4. The Egyptian police have arrested several Communist agitators on charges of attempting to provoke sedition in the Arab refugee camps in the Gaza area, it was officially announced here tonight.

The police also warned the 30 or so European residents in Gaza not to leave their homes until further orders. They doubled the guards posted on buildings occupied by United Nations personnel and members of the Mixed Armistice Commission.

There was particular tension tonight in the camps inhabited by 200,000 Arab refugees, who are waiting for a reply to the demands which they presented on Tuesday to the Governor-General of the Gaza region, Gen. Abdullah Rifai.

The Governor-General disclosed today that these demands included permission for the refugees to undergo training in the use of arms, and authority to use them in the event of an Israeli attack.

The refugees also demanded that the frontier posts between Egypt and Israel will be doubled. He will reply to these demands tomorrow. — France-Press.

Big Increase In
Bank Robberies

Washington, Mar. 4. The Federal Bureau of Investigation's Director, Mr. Edgar Hoover, warned today that the rate of bank robberies in the United States has reached a "feverish" pace in the past four years.

Mr. Hoover said that there were 226 violations of the Bank Robbery Statute in 1950 in the form of robberies, burglaries and larcenies. This figure rose, he said, in 1954, to a startling total of 517. — United Press.

UN Security
Council Begins
Investigation

BRITAIN DISTURBED
BY INCIDENT

New York, Mar. 4.

Britain today told the United Nations she was "deeply disturbed" about recent border fighting between Israel and Egyptian forces in the Gaza strip.

Sir Pierson Dixon, permanent British delegate at the United Nations said at a special meeting of the Security Council that prima facie evidence pointed to the fact that a premeditated attack by Israeli forces on Egyptian territory had taken place. This attack had resulted in very serious loss of life.

Without any discussion the Council quickly adopted an agenda comprising Egyptian and Israeli charges and counter-charges of responsibility for the fighting in the Gaza strip, the Egyptian territory on Israel's southern border.

Egypt charged Israel with "violent and premeditated aggression" in an armed attack on an Egyptian military post last Monday, which they said resulted in the deaths of 39 Egyptians and the wounding of 32 others.

Israel in a counter-complaint alleged "continuous violations by Egypt of the general armistice agreement and of resolutions of the Security Council to the danger of international peace and security."

The Council quickly approved the two-item agenda, without any discussion.

Mr. Omar Loutfi of Egypt and Mr. Abba Eban of Israel were then invited to take their seats at the Council table to present the case in the debate without the right of vote.

INDEFENSIBLE
Taking part in the opening of the debate on the fighting, Mr. James J. Wadsworth, the United States delegate, said that until the report of the Mixed Armistice Commission on the spot was received it would be premature to form judgments or to begin full debate.

"Nevertheless," he added, "we feel we must state that if the preliminary reports which we have received are shown to be true the incident which has occurred in the Gaza district is indefensible from any standpoint."

Mr. Wadsworth hoped the Council would call Major General E.L.M. Burns, the Canadian Chief-of-Staff of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organisation in Palestine to New York for the next meeting of the Council on the issue.

"When he has made his report and we have heard the parties we should promptly consider what further action is necessary," said Mr. Wadsworth.

CRUEL SACRIFICE
Mr. Henri Hoppenot of France said it was impossible to be indifferent to the fact that there had been about 60 military and civilian Egyptian casualties during the onslaught by Israeli forces.

This "unnecessary cruel sacrifice has moved us all," Mr. Hoppenot said.

"We extend our sympathy to the families and their country and we can congratulate the Egyptian government and the Egyptian nation for the cool head they have kept in the face of these incidents and their determination to pursue the incident by pacific means as provided by this organization."

Sir Pierson Dixon of Britain declared, "Without wishing to anticipate the findings of the Mixed Armistice Commission or the report from the Chief-of-Staff of the Truce Supervision Organisation, I feel bound to say that the prima facie evidence points to the fact that a premeditated attack by Israeli forces on Egyptian territory took place and that it resulted in the very serious loss of life concerned."

"The Egyptian government has acted with commendable restraint and I am sure they will continue to do so."

Before the Council adjourned the President, Mr. Selim Sarper said:

"I strongly urge both of the parties concerned to do their utmost to maintain calmness and tranquillity by abstaining from any use of force or otherwise aggravating the situation over which members of the Security Council have already expressed their deep concern."

The Council did not take any vote before adjourning to a date still to be fixed. — Reuter.

Dangerous Guinea
Pigs Stolen

Paris, Mar. 4.

The authorities broadcast a warning today that five guinea pigs stolen from a research laboratory had been inoculated with "dangerous diseases."

The Police warned that the guinea pigs would become more dangerous each day although the nature of the diseases were not disclosed. They also feared that the rodents might be sold as food since they are commonly eaten in some areas of France. — United Press.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are the highlights of today's feature section:
P. 5: World's Strangest Story: The Lost Dutchman Mine by Kendall McDonald.
P. 6: The Great Gamblers: A second article by Julian Symons, William Flah writes on the terrorist activities on the Malaya-Siam frontier.
P. 7: The second chapter of the exploits of the Cloak and Dagger Squadron by Leslie Montgomery.
P. 8: Week-end Woman-entuse.
P. 13: Randolph Churchill on "Should the Big Three Meet Now?"
P. 16 & 17: Latest local and overseas sports reviews.

Hongkong
Soldier's
Bravery

Wins Recognition

London, Mar. 4. A sergeant of the Royal Army Service Corps who put out a fire among blazing boxes of white phosphorous ammunition at a Hongkong ammunition depot in May last year has been awarded the British Empire Medal, the London Gazette announced tonight.

He is Sergeant Peter Anderson, a trained ammunition examiner.

The citation said that "without any regard to the risks from explosion and phosphorous burns, Sergeant Anderson immediately set about removing and extinguishing the burning boxes. His prompt cool action, taken at considerable risk to himself, resulted in the saving of all the ammunition and averted what would otherwise have been a most serious explosion and fire."

"Had such an incident occurred, much damage would have been caused with possible loss of life in the military camp and a neighbouring Chinese village."

COMMEMORATION
Two other soldiers have been awarded the Queen's Commendation for brave conduct while serving in Hongkong, the London Gazette announced.

They are Corporal James Steele and Corporal (acting) Lo Chow, both of the Royal Army Service Corps who took out small craft to rescue Chinese in difficulties near the Yamati typhoon shelter when the typhoon "Ida" was in the vicinity in August last year.

Their citations said that they displayed outstanding courage and leadership and were "a credit to their corps and to the Army in Hongkong as a whole." Corporal Steele is resident in Kowloon. — Reuter.

New York, Mar. 4. Two firms, one from Philadelphia, were fined a total of \$10,500 today in the Federal Court after pleading guilty to trading with the enemy by importing Red China hog bristles into the United States. — United Press.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	RACE 1	By "The Turf"	RACE 1
Courtier		Atomic Cuesor	
Brivisto		Brivisto	
Souvenir		Souvenir	
Outsider: Comet.	RACE 2	Outsider: Oceanic Sky.	RACE 2
Full Ahead		Mascot	
Golden Branch		Ivan-Ho	
Outsider: Santa Maria.	RACE 3	Full Ahead	
Knock-again		Outsider: Thanksgiving Day.	RACE 3
Marietta		Knock-again	
Clofede		Gabriel Jinks	
Outsider: Gabriel Jinks.	RACE 4	Marietta	
Fighting Spirit		Outsider: Fenchurch.	RACE 4
Highlight		Hiram C	
Phoenix		Phoenix	
Outsider: Hiram C.	RACE 5	Pot O'Gold	
Empire Rose		Outsider: Fighting Spirit.	RACE 5
Silver Wing		Lightning Foot	
Lightning Foot		Silver Wing	
Outsider: All Gay.	RACE 6	Empire Rose	
Bright Knight		Outsider: All Gay.	RACE 6
Gladious		Dashing Beauty II	
Kerrera		Gladious	
Outsider: Wild Honey.	RACE 7	South Pacific	
How Do I Know		Outsider: Queenpots	RACE 7
Dreadnought		How Do I Know	
Honey Dew		Straight Flush	
Outsider: Straight Flush.	RACE 8	Dreadnought	
Hallmark		Outsider: New Love.	RACE 8
Jip On		Jip On	
Straight Forward		Hallmark	
Outsider: Potentially.	RACE 9	Outsider: Straight Forward.	RACE 9
Another Victory		Free Kick	
Ringway		Easy Slam	
Easy Slam		Prince Dahlia	
Outsider: Fox Hunter.		Outsider: Fel Chl.	

Soviets Clear American
Woman's Name

Paris, Mar. 4. Accusations, which were made against an American journalist, Mrs. A. L. Strong, who was arrested in Feb. 1949 for alleged spying and sabotaging activities in the Soviet Union were without foundation and she has been exonerated, the Tass News Agency reported today from Moscow.

The Tass statement said that Mrs. Strong, who was in the USSR in 1949, "was arrested by organs of the state security (service) of the USSR on suspicion of espionage and sabotage against the Soviet Union and deported."

"As a result of an investigation," Tass added, "conducted by the procurator's office of the USSR, it has been established that the former leadership of the Ministry of State Security, under Lavrenti Beria and V. S. Abakumov, presented the above charges against Mrs. Strong without any grounds."

In view of this, she is now exonerated, the statement added. — France-Press.

Bulganin Sets
Precedent

Moscow, Mar. 4. Russia's new Premier, Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, has expressed his willingness to receive foreign envoys who wish to call on him formally, diplomatic circles here said tonight. This is an unusual procedure in the Soviet Union. Marshal Stalin rarely received foreign diplomats and Mr. Georgi Malenkov granted interviews only to the British and Indonesian ambassadors during his entire two-year period of office. — Reuter.

SANTAL SOAP

ROGER & GALLET
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New HIGHER OCTANE
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OCTANE
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POWER

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DRY SACK

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Sherry

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& CO., LTD.

KING'S * PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.50, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY



TONY CURTIS · GLORIA DE HAVEN
GENE NELSON · CORINNE CALVET
PAUL GILBERT

PRINCESS TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.

Feature-length Technicolor Cartoon with
JULIE ANDREWS
enacting the leading role
"THE ROSE OF BAGHDAD"

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GRAND PRIX
INTERNATIONALE
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FESTIVAL AS
THE BEST FILM
OF THE WORLD!



"ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS"

(WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

ULLA JACOBSSON
FOLKE SUNDQUIST
EDWIN ADOLPHSON
Directed by ARNE MATTSSON

From the novel "SOMMARLANDEN" BY PER OLOF EKSTRÖM
A Lyrical Swedish Film
Released Thru Pathé Overseas, Ltd.

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Paramount Presents

ALL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

• COMING •



Rudolf Schock
Germaine Damar

King of the Circus

WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Ein Ernst-Marischka-Film der ERMA-Produktion im Herzog-Filmverleih

NEW YORK · GREAT WORLD

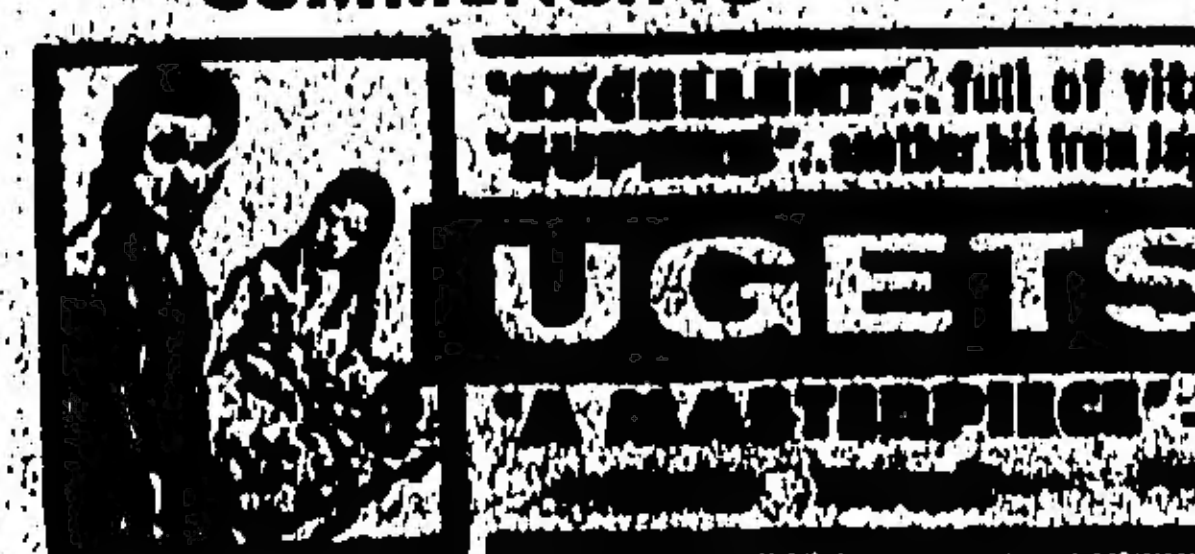
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COMMENCING TO-MORROW



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

KING'S and PRINCESS: "So This Is Paris". Tony Curtis dabbling and sinking with assistance from Gene Nelson. Also includes Gloria De Haven, Corinne Calvet and Mara Corday.

HOOVER: "Trouble In The Glen". An American Laird getting a chilly welcome from the Highlanders. Orson Welles, Margaret Lockwood and Forrest Tucker.

LEE: "One Summer of Happiness". The short-lived happiness of two young lovers. Ulla Jacobsson and Folke Sundquist.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Arrow In The Dust". A western. Shirley Hayden and Colleen Gray.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Star Is Born". Show business, its romance and tragedy. Judy Garland, James Mason, Jack Carson.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Return of Frank James". One of the best of the westerns, this one was made in 1940. Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney, Jackie Cooper.

COMING

EMPIRE: "Unconquered". A western, but a front ranker when it was made in 1947. Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard, Henry Wilcoxon.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Drums Across the River". A western. Audie Murphy, Lyle Bettger.

"Playgirl". The pitfalls lying in wait for a country girl in the Big City. Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.

HOOVER: "Brigadoon". Musical whimsy in Bonnie Scotland. Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse and Van Johnson.

LEE: "King of the Circle". A combination of circus and opera. Vienna State Opera tenor Rudolf Schock.

"Cadet Rousselle". The adventures of a young French lad during the French Revolution. Francis Ford, Dany Robin and Madeleine Lebeau.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Ugetsu Monogatari". 16th century Japanese drama about two peasant families harassed by the local war. Kinuyo Tanaka, Machiko Kyo and Masakuni Mori.

"A Little Lady". Ingredients: A ten-year-old dancer and her ballerina mother, a never do well father and a friendly young doctor. Mandy Miller, Mai Zetterling, Terence Morgan and Guy Rolfe.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "World Soccer Cup 1954". Full length feature of the game played in Switzerland. "The Long Grey Line". A history of the West Point Military Academy seen through the eyes of an Irish emigrant. Terence Power and Maureen O'Hara.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Assassin for Hire". Unusual type of criminal played by Sydney Tafler.

"Carmen Jones". A present day Carmen, red hot and black. Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey.

GONE ARE THE DAYS

Indians versus the U.S. Cavalry again in "Arrow in the Dust" with Shirley Hayden as a deserter who sees the light in time to lead a wagon train through hordes of attacking Indians to the safety of Fort Laramie.

The nigger in the woodpile is a renegade gun runner who is responsible for leading the Indians to attack. Gone are the days when screenwriters were allowed to make their Redskins hazy the settlers from plain bad temper—nowadays they have to be innocent defenders of their rightful property, a little trigger-happy, but quite justified in their brutality.

Colleen Gray is Hayden's inspiration.

RATHER SAD

Although the various processes being used to combat television's hold on British and American audiences have proved effective, their use has created a problem of its own.

Because of the enormous cost involved in making these mammoth affairs, no studio can afford to produce a flop. Believing that all the public wants is size and spectacle and that a modest picture, penetrating below the surface and piercing the intelligence will have no Box Office appeal, no backlog of small pictures has been reserved for comparatively short runs.

Consequently, instead of some neat little thriller appearing between two colossal chunks of expensively mangled history, we get a re-release.

Granted some of the old pictures are worth reviving, but it doesn't give much of a chance to the newer actors. No studio is going to risk a new face in a project that's costing it millions—the more it spends the more certain it must be that the completed work is going to earn its expenditure.

Even the independent British companies are finding it difficult to swim against the current and it wouldn't surprise me to see "The Ghost Goes West" and contemporary pictures revived instead of more of "The Young Lovers" ilk.

The talent star of the Vienna State Opera, Rudolph Schock is cast as a circus performer in "King of the Circus", performing a triple somersault, on a trapeze suspended over a tiger's cage.

The unlikely combination of opera and circus is rationalised by taking Schock out of the circus when it is discovered that he also possesses a voice.

This enables him to wander all over the world working in all the famous opera-houses.

In the background, of course, there's a little dancing girl who loves him, and a jealous lover to add the third angle to the triangle.

NOT CHEERING

"Ugetsu Monogatari" hasn't the same amount of dramatic force as had "Rashomon" and sometimes seems to wander from the point. This may be due to the screenplay having been taken from two separate stories. The odd mixture of fantasy and realism is the same, however, and the photography is clear and uncluttered.

I have never seen a Japanese picture in modern dress and consequently do not know whether the formal gestures and stylised acting are used universally on the Japanese screen or whether they are confined to period pieces.

The technique is unquestionably effective in the ghost stories that make up a large percentage of Chinese and Japanese literature though less so when applied to present day subjects.

The two stories welded together in this picture concern the lives of two families, one a childless peasant and his wife and the other a potter, his wife and child.

Their ambitions are simple. The peasant, tired of the ceaseless struggle on the land, wants to become a soldier, against the counsel of his wife. The other wants to better the lot of his wife and child by neglecting his farm and concentrating on making ever larger batches of pottery to sell at a vast profit to the victorious army in power at that period in the 16th century.

Both have their moment of short-lived triumph, but in the process lose what they had originally. The peasant's wife is forced to become a prostitute because, with his grandiose dreams, her husband has gone off to fight without leaving any provision for her; and the potter, bewitched by the restless ghost of a princess, returns to find his wife dead and his house in ruins.

I tell you all this to give you an idea of the absence of laughter in this picture. The acting, in spite of being maintained appears to be sincere though sometimes from the subtleties, the words ascribed to the players are not reflected in their faces.

It's not a picture to be dismissed lightly, but I wouldn't suggest a visit if you're feeling depressed. The implied premise that for every one person's success there must be a corresponding sufferer is not a cheering thought.

In spite of the importance of the part played by the ghostly princess it is the potter's wife (Kinuyo Tanaka) who is generally acknowledged to be the first lady of the Japanese screen. She has been an actress for 30 years and surprisingly for an Oriental star, has also directed.

JUST RUTHLESS

"Assassin for Hire" departs from the customary conception of a killer by showing him as a home-loving fellow, faithful to his wife, devoted to his brother and ruthless without being brutal.

The kindly, even-tempered corporal you'll soon be seeing in "The Sea Shall Not Have Them" is the assassin of the title—Sydney Tafler, and Ronald Howard, Leslie Howard's son is the detective-inspector trying to break his fool-proof alibi.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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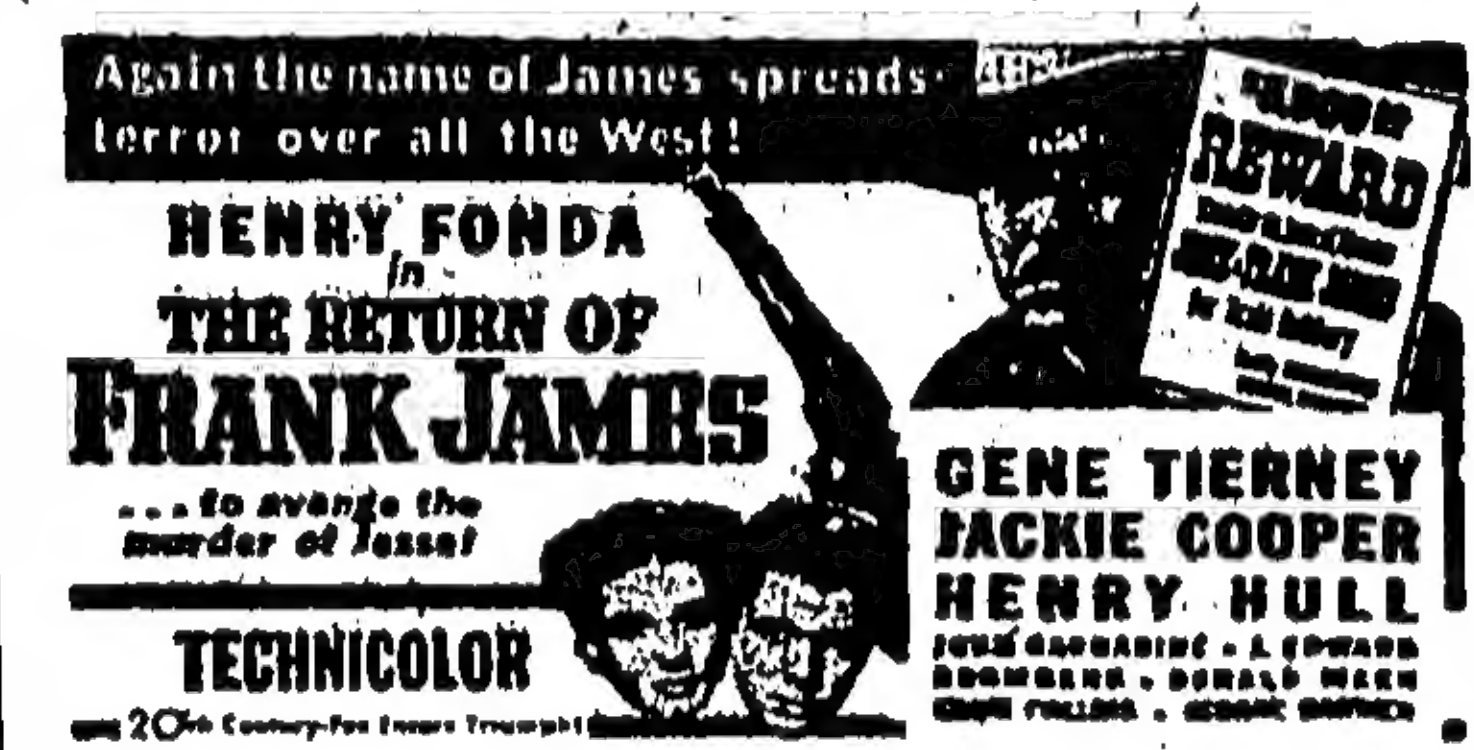
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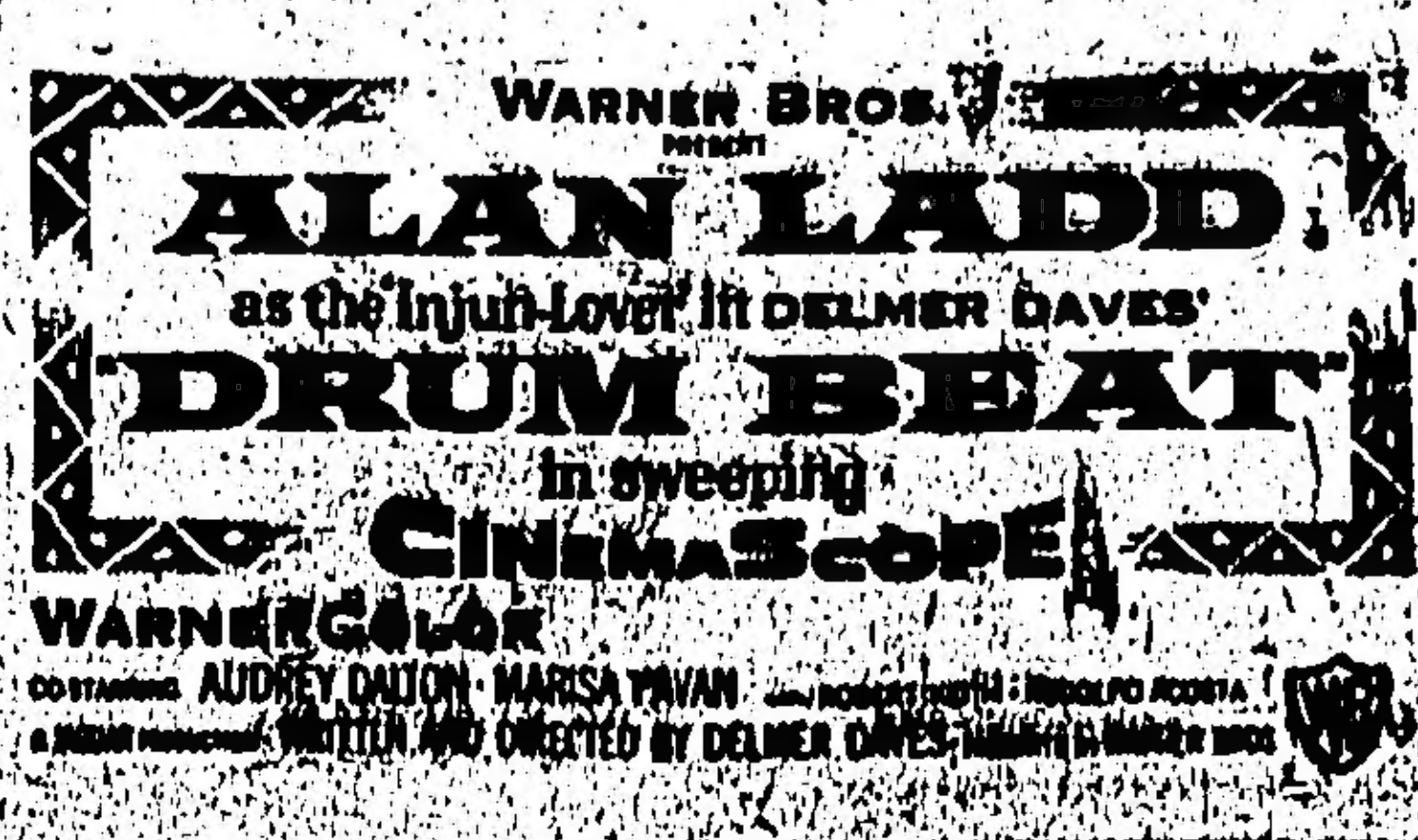
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ON OUR GIANT WIDE SCREEN!



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Common Cold Takes Toll Of Murderous Savages

Woman's Findings On 'Green Hell' Expedition

Vienna. One of the world's fiercest tribes of savages is being conquered by the white man's common cold and measles, according to an American woman explorer just back from the "Green Hell" jungles of South America.

Mrs. Elta Becker-Donner, assistant director of Vienna's Ethnographic Museum, believes she is the only white person ever to explore the depths of the Guapore jungles in south-western Brazil and live to tell about it.

Accompanied by eight Brazilian Indian guides, she made three expeditions over a seven-month period into the uncharted wilds inhabited by the Pucos Novas, tiny but murderous savages who specialise in poisoned arrows and human mutilation.

"Once they were a flourishing tribe with a fairly advanced culture," said Mrs. Becker-Donner. "Now there are only about 1,000 left. They have been dying like flies from colds, influenza, measles and other white men's ills to which they have no resistance."

The Pucos Novas apparently caught the germs from workers

on rubber plantations. Though they are "as shy as snakes", the savages make night-time forays into the plantations to steal knives and axes, Mrs. Becker-Donner said.

The Pucos Novas kill human intruders with poisoned arrows and mutilate the bodies by cutting off the head and one foot. Plantation workers have found many remains like these in recent years—including bleached bones identified as those of a Protestant parson who attempted an expedition like Mrs. Becker-Donner's.

She is a trim, forthright widow with two daughters. She carried no weapons on her trip into the jungle, one of which lasted six weeks. But her male guides were heavily armed with guns which saved their lives.

"We were about to leave camp one morning when we were attacked," she said. "I had just finished burning a swarm of ants out of my boots when I saw a whole cloud of arrows pour out of the trees. Luckily no one was hit and the savages fled when one of the guides started blazing away with a rifle."

Inspected Arrows

"A pity," added Mrs. Becker-Donner. "It might have been an opportunity to make friends with them."

Lately she did manage to approach a band of about 12 Pucos Novas—"small men, almost like pygmies, but with well-chiselled features"—and was allowed to inspect a sheaf of their deadly arrows.

"The arrows are so simply constructed that they can be used for a lifetime," she said. "There is no detachable tip. The wooden points are simply sharpened like pencils and dipped in poison. Each man identifies his arrows by marking them with his own sign in blood or dye."

Lived On Birds

Mrs. Becker-Donner and her party lived chiefly on tropical birds because "we were in too much of a hurry to carry heavy provisions."

They encountered a few wild animals but "the insects were everywhere—ants, mosquitoes, gnats, spiders, centipedes. They are far more troublesome than the larger beasts. They swarm over your eyes, ears, mouth and nose until you think you will go mad."

Mrs. Becker-Donner shot several reels of colour film which she plans to edit into a documentary. She also plans to write a book.—United Press.

New York. The Tuscany Hotel, which claims to be first in New York with all sorts of innovations, already has air conditioning and TV in every room, a telephone in every bathroom, thermometers outside every window and lapel-size walkie-talkie radios for the bellboys, valets and maids.

But the manager, Mr. Bertram Weil, says he's just getting started. Next: recorded music in the elevators.—United Press.

Live To Be 150—The Moscow Way

London. Do you want to live to be 100 or 150, or even 180 years old?

Then listen to this amazing discovery, brought to you by a group of outstanding Soviet scientists.

"For a long time, the question of increasing the span of life of human beings has been studied by a group of Moscow, Leningrad and Kharkov scientists. Professor Mironov, in charge of the research, says the available evidence, both historical and clinical, shows that the normal expectation of life lies between 150 and 180 years."

You don't believe it?

Well, Moscow Radio, in a broadcast monitored here last week, said there were already 1,500 Russians who were more than 150 years old and 35,000 over 100.

"In this respect, it is important to preserve the vitality and activity of the central brain, which is responsible for the major life processes," the broadcast said.—United Press.

British Transport Plan New Extension To London Underground

London. Details of a plan for a new 11-mile addition to London's underground tube system have been disclosed.

London Transport, which runs the far-flung network of underground train routes, said that the new line, route "C" would run from Victoria north-eastward to Walthamstow to relieve congestion in London's West End.

If built—and that depends on Parliament—it will be London's first new underground route since 1907. It is to be built almost entirely underground at depths of from 45 to 60 feet, except for a short open stretch at the northern end of the line.

In addition to relieving congestion on existing lines, the new route would provide a direct link from Victoria to other rail terminals at King's Cross and St. Pancras, and thus aid passengers travelling through London.—United Press.

Winner Of The Olney Pancake Race



Setting a hot pace despite the ice and snow, Mrs. Doris Millward dashes past bystanders to win the 510-year old Shrove Tuesday pancake race at Olney, Buckinghamshire. Mrs. Millward, an Olney housewife, finished the 415 yards course from a local hotel to the parish church in 1 m. 18.5 seconds. Each competitor carried a pancake in a frying pan and during the race had to toss the pancake several times.—Reuterphoto.

From the playing fields of Eton and Mayfair in search of adventure

Young Englishman Disillusioned After Ten Months In The French Foreign Legion

London. Wealthy, Eton-educated Richard de Wend-Fenton, who abandoned the social whirl of London's Mayfair last May for "a life of adventure" in the French Foreign Legion, came home a deserter this week and, by his own definition, "a sadder and wiser man."

Over a martini, which he said "would cost two weeks' Legion pay," the recovered London playboy confessed he was "lured" into the Legion by romantic tales of adventure, beautiful dancing girls and strange outposts in exotic Africa.

"What he found, he said, was 'colossal boredom'—until the daughter of a British Earl, the cousin of a Field Marshal and the son of former British Fascist leader Sir Oswald Mosley responded to a smuggled letter and hatched a plot to 'liberate' him.

Mr. Wend-Fenton said beautiful Arabian dancing girls apparently exist only on the films. He said he found only rigid discipline and gruelling marches under the blistering sun instead of the carefree, swashbuckling life he had been led to believe the Legion offered.

Tattered Letter And whatever adventure there was went to his rescuers who carried out an escape plot that would have done credit to Humphrey Bogart and a crew of top-notch Hollywood script writers.

A tattered letter appealing for help was smuggled to his London socialite friends and touched off the escape plot. Lady Marye Rous, 24-year-old daughter of the Earl of

Stradbroke, Michael Alexander, 34-year-old relative of Field Marshal Earl Alexander, and Nicholas Mosley, son of Oswald, borrowed money from wealthy friends to "help spring Dickie." Alexander and Lady Marye flew to North Africa. Frequent transfers from post to post had obscured de Wend-Fenton's whereabouts by then.

They checked his trail for a month from desert outpost to desert outpost, across hundreds of miles of sand.

In Drinking Dens

They haunted the drinking dens and dives surrounding Legion posts, trying to get information from the nameless soldiers of fortune who never speak of their past—according to tradition anyway.

Finally Alexander discovered a Legionnaire who would tell him where "Dickie" was.

He smuggled a message to de Wend-Fenton, which got the young Briton thrown into a guardhouse with a shaved head on suspicion of attempting to desert.

When de Wend-Fenton was finally released, Alexander drove near the Legion post at night, leaving the engine of his car running. On a pre-arranged signal, the Legionnaire dashed for the door. The car sped across the desert, past another

Legion post and into an unidentified harbour. A hired boat whisked them out to sea.

Today the French Embassy hinted France would look the other way and forgive his desertion. The British Foreign Office indicated it would stall if the French changed their minds and demanded extradition.

His widowed mother, Mrs. Margaret de Wend-Fenton, deplored the whole thing. "I wish he had not done this," he said. "After all, he could have been bought out."—United Press.

Chicago Gets A Mayfair Barber

Chicago. Nothing is too good for the customer in Leslie Higgins' very British barber-shop.

Where else could you down tea and crumpets while waiting to be trimmed?

Or for that matter, what other barber-shop serves "gin and it," English vernacular for gin and Italian vermouth?

Mr. Higgins' swank emporium does all this and more. The shop, situated near Chicago's Gold Coast, caters to the elite, would be or otherwise.

Mr. Higgins himself is English. He worked for many years for G. F. Trumpeter, Ltd., Mayfair, London, personal barber to the Royal Family.

Only in England they call them hairdressers, he said. "There is a difference," he said. "In England, barbering is an art, not an occupation."

Mr. Higgins considers it sacrilege to use clippers, hand clippers or electric. He piles his trade with scissors, razor and comb.

Foot Massages

"None of the better shops in England would permit clippers on the premises," he said. "English barbers" also are licensed chiropodists. It seems Mr. Higgins is, and he hopes his license will permit him to give foot massages and "pedicures."

Mr. Higgins mixes his own lotions, potions, hair goo and the like, each with a numbered label. And when he gives you a facial he uses a sun lamp.

He has a lot of stories about royalty, some are, for instance, "His London customers included the Duke of Windsor, the late Duke of Kent, King Carol of Rumania and Captain Peter Townsend, recently linked romantically with Princess Margaret."

The duchess of Iran was too shy to sit in the ornate barber chair and had to have her hair cut while sitting on a stool.—United Press.

The Danger Of Having Tonsils Out

Rome.

Two Italian throat specialists claimed last week that removal of the tonsils lowers a person's strength and sexual powers.

The two specialists, Dr. Guido Citteroni and his brother, Innocenzo, said men and women robbed of their tonsils showed an increased desire to drink alcohol and shun work.

They said their findings were based on 20 years of research. During this period they had accumulated stacks of statistics on the "devastating effect of the missing tonsil."

"Snipping out tonsils is slowly sucking away at the strength and sexual powers of the human race," Dr. Guido Citteroni said.

Makes Men Older

"It's making men older and less masculine," added brother Innocenzo, who is a vigorous 71 with nine children and tonsils intact.

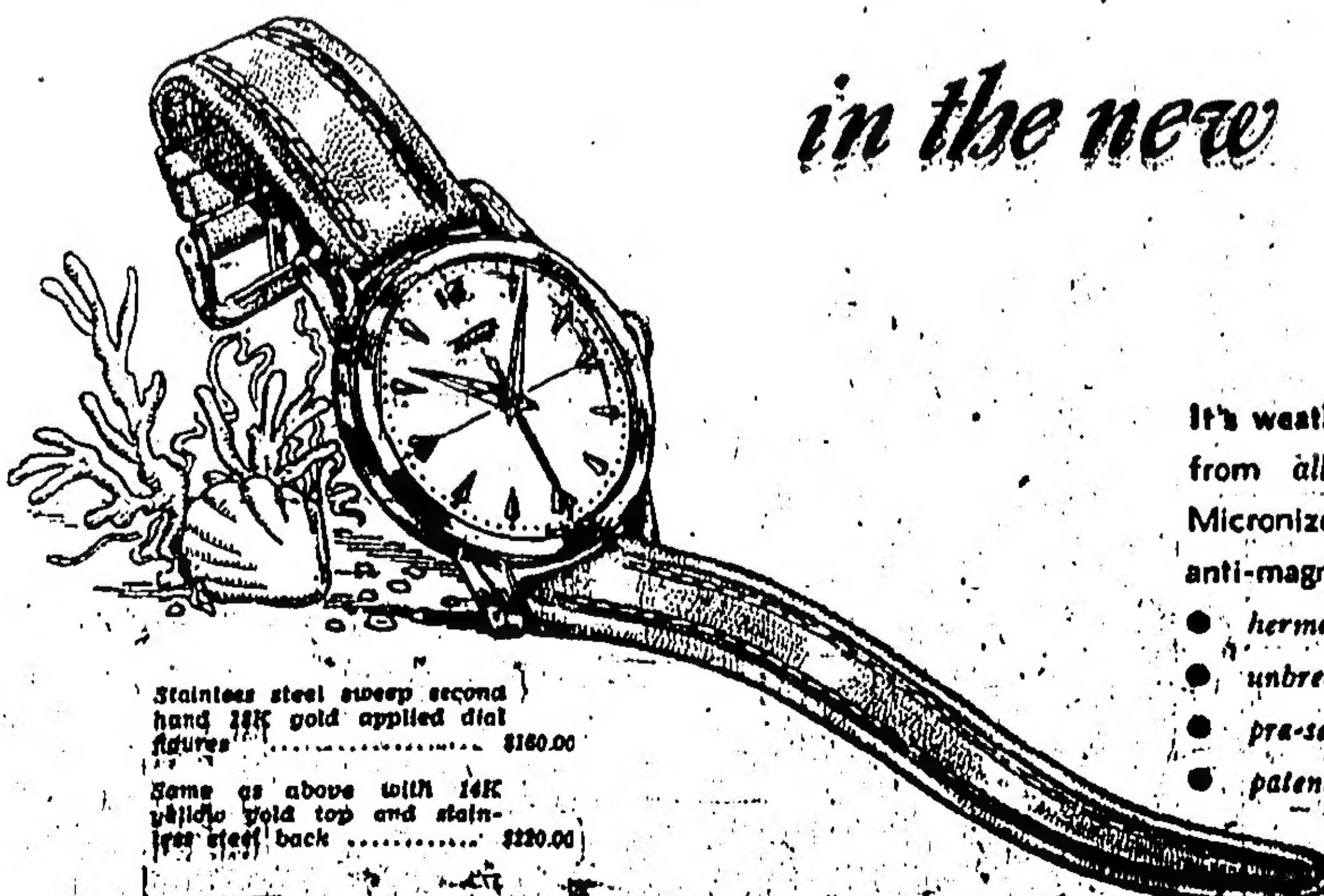
Dr. Guido said tonsillectomies are responsible for the "frigidity" of the Anglo-Saxons. He said his brother could quote figures to show that 60 per cent of Britain's population are without tonsils, while half the Americans have been deprived of their tonsils.

Italy, the doctors said, has the greatest number of tonsils per capita.—United Press.

New York.

Real estate news in the suburb of Rye, N.Y., was reported under this heading: "Bakery plans two buildings in Rye."—United Press.

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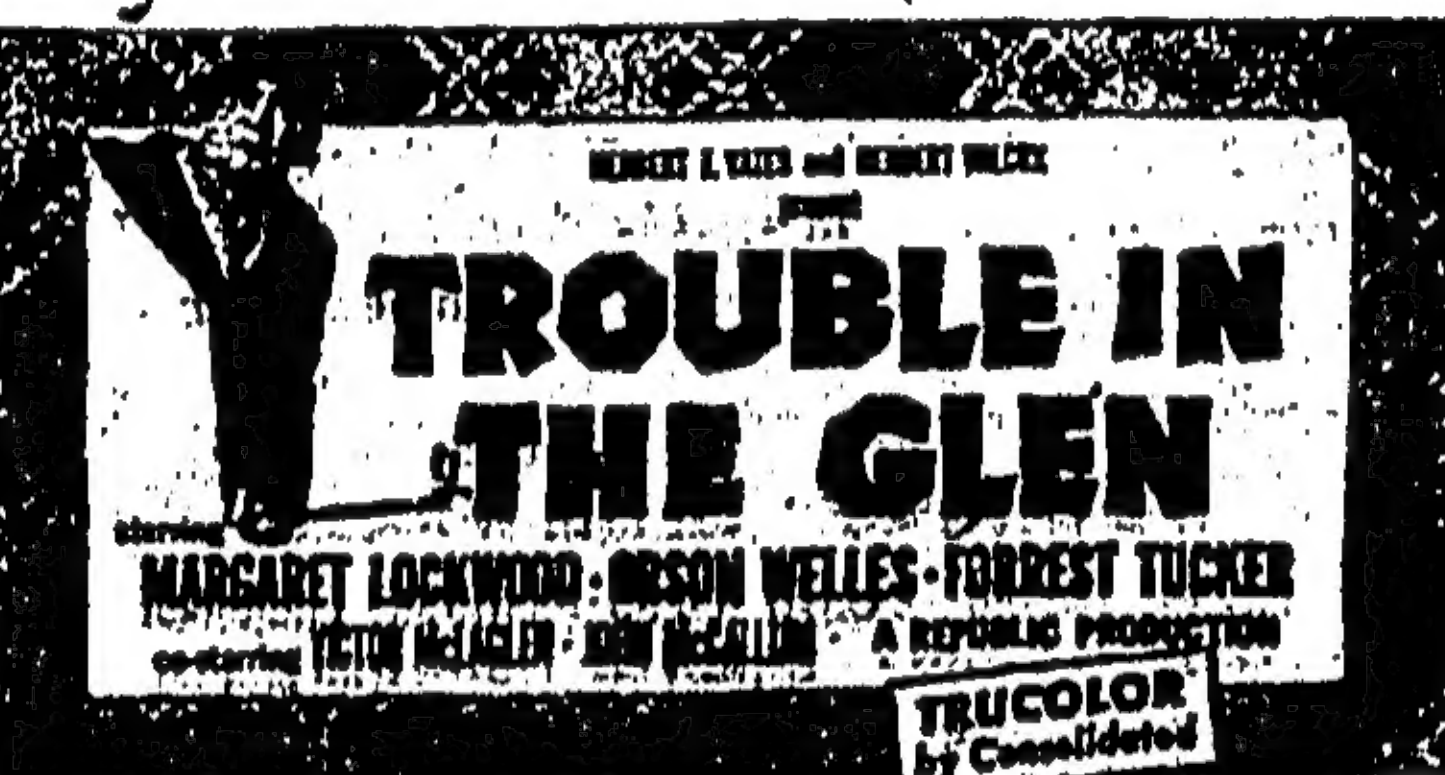
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BOOKING AT SKINNER'S



WITH hands thrust in his pockets, the Duke of Edinburgh strolls with Glasgow Councillors after receiving the Freedom of the City. (Express)



SEVENTY-SEVEN-year-old Viscount Stansgate listened while a committee of six peers refused his son, Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, permission to renounce the 14-year-old title on his father's death. Mr Benn, seen with his wife above, wishes to carry on as a Member of the House of Commons. (Express)



DICK BENTLEY, star of the BBC variety show, "Take It From Here," with the two new girls in the show, Alma Cogan (left) and June Whitfield. Alma has become very popular for her gay and vital singing and June for her character work. Bentley, an Australian, has been a favourite for many years.



DAVID BECKETT, the newly-elected President of the Students' Union at Acton Technical College, London, gets the traditional ducking in the Acton High Street horse trough. (Express)

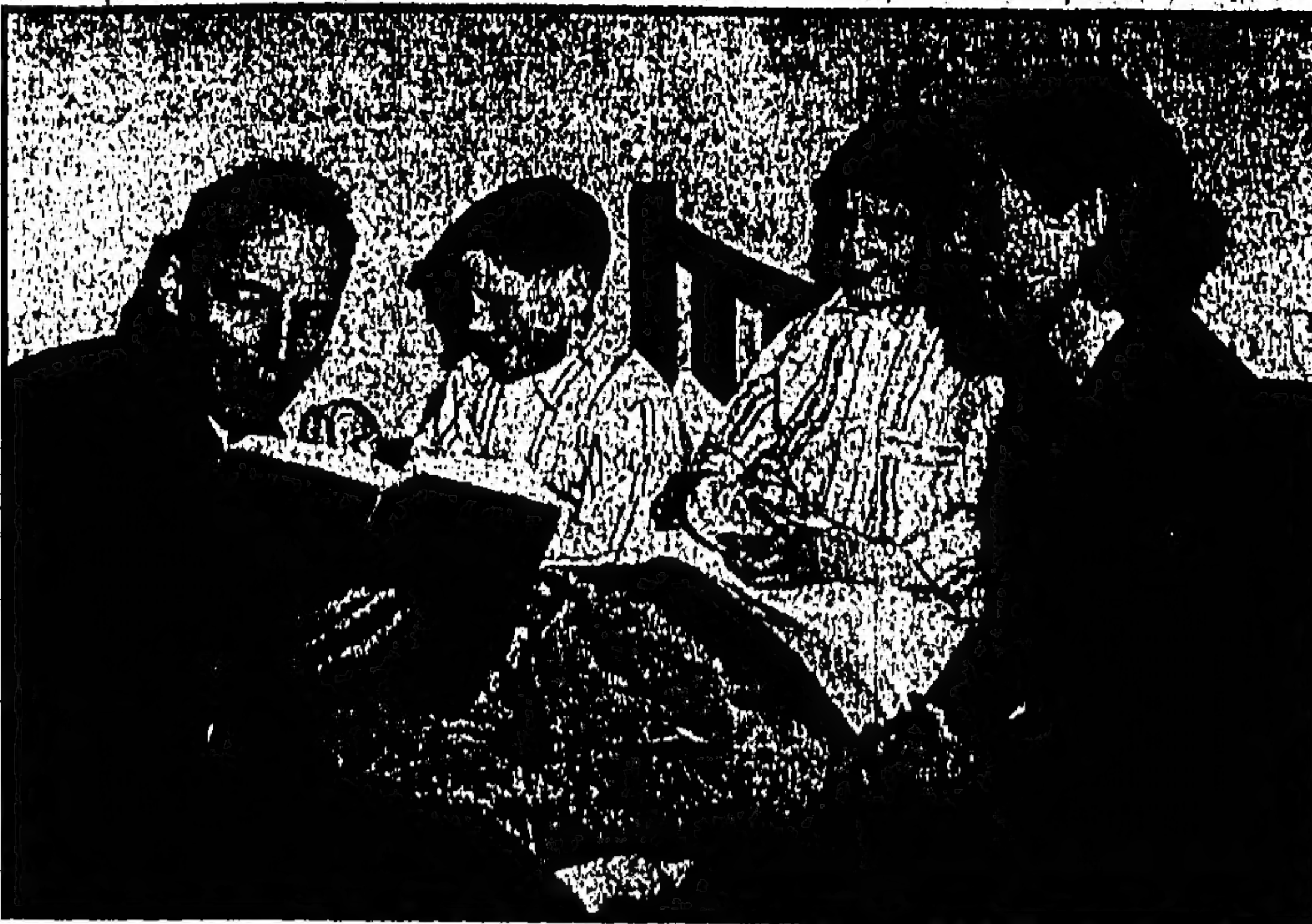
• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



NEW picture of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, arriving at the Welsh Baptist Chapel, Eastcastle Street, London, to receive purses on behalf of the Hepburn Starey Blind Aid Society. (Express)



ADELE LEIGH, Covent Garden's 26-year-old English soprano, who scored a big success singing the title role in Massenet's opera, "Manon." It is a long part in an opera that lasts three and a half hours; yet she sang it at eight days' notice. (Express)



HERMANN FIELD, 44-year-old American architect, imprisoned by the Poles five and a half years ago on suspicion of being an "American agent," and who was released last October, seen in London with his English wife and two sons, Hugh, 11, and Alan, 9. Since his release, he has been rebuilding his strength in Switzerland. (Express)



HOLLYWOOD film actor Robert Taylor and his wife, German-born Ursula Thiess, dining in a West End restaurant. They arrived in London a few days ago to make a film. (Express)

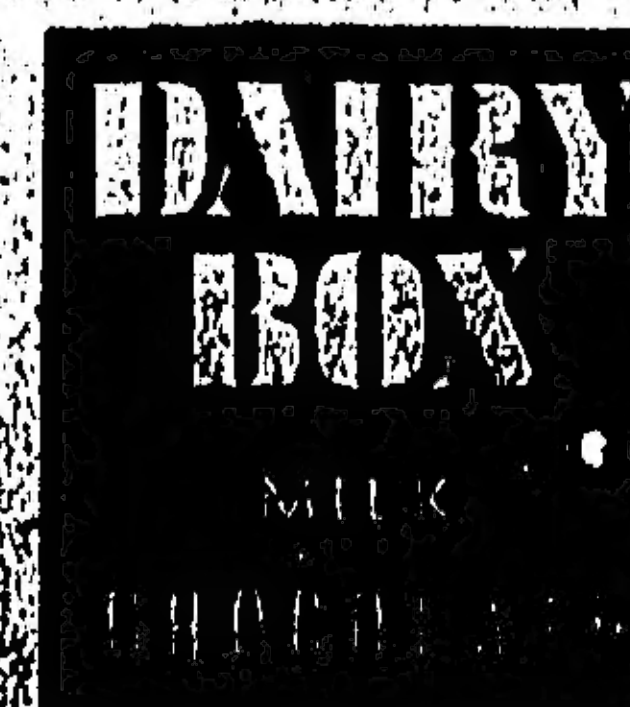
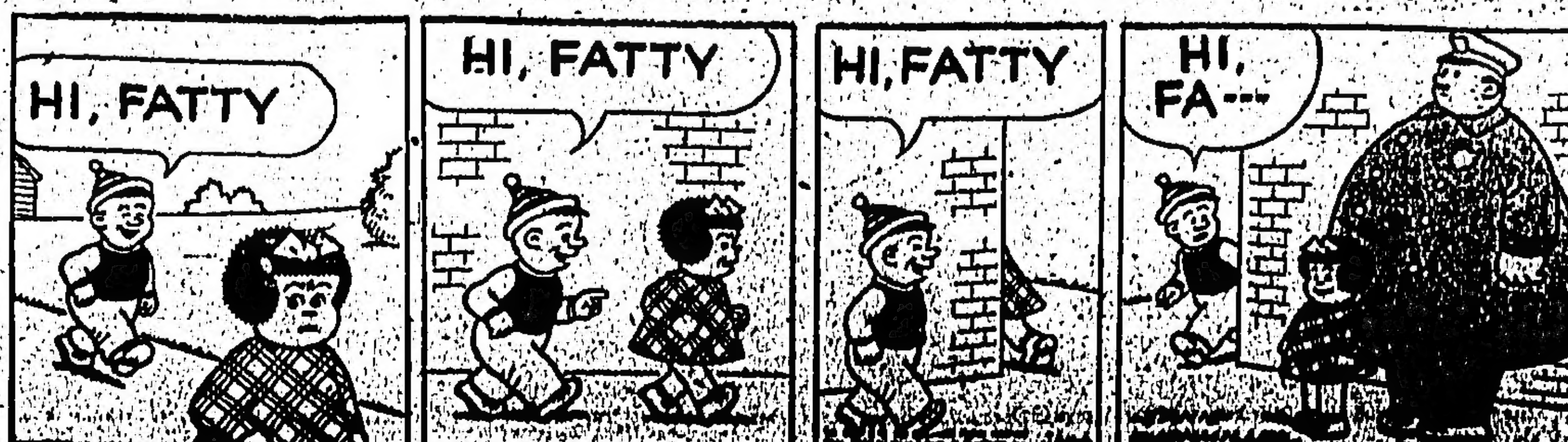
BELOW: The Shah of Persia and the beautiful Queen Soraya snapped in London. She has made herself very popular with the English public. He is taking back a new English car to Persia, leaving his seven-year-old one behind. (Express)

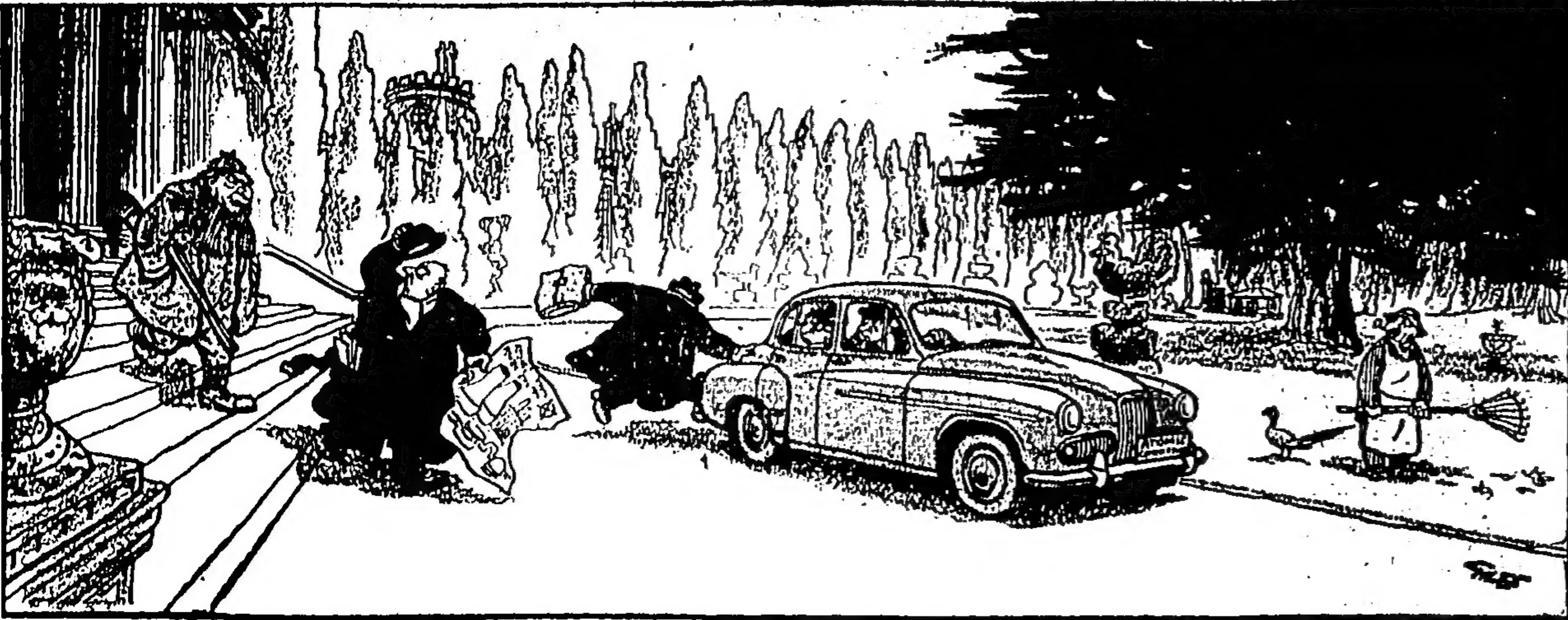


TO most people snow is a curse, but to the young it spells fun with a capital "F". Here are some boys enjoying themselves in Richmond Park. Among the skiers is 12-year-old Michael Boyland, of Barnes, who, knowing his limitations, has fixed a learner's card on his back.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





"May you have permission to build an atomic power station WHERE?"

London Express Service

Kendall McDonald tells another of the world's strangest stories

Mysterious Deaths At The Lost Dutchman Mine

THE heat haze rippling across the Arizona desert in summer seems to lap like a sea against jagged cliffs which rise sheer from the desert floor 40 miles east of the town of Phoenix.

Those cliffs are the vanguard of the gaunt Superstition Mountains. Canyons criss-cross the interior in hopeless confusion beneath a peak called Weaver's Needle.

And somewhere, within a radius of two and a half miles from the peak, are buried more riches than a man could hope to spend in his lifetime. Somewhere there is the Lost Dutchman Mine—a mine whose treasures need no back-breaking panning, whose gold can be separated with the fingers from the soft volcanic earth.

Scores of men have died in that gold. Some were wiped out by Indians whose very name means "enemy"—the Apaches. Others were shot because they found the mine and talked. And two in modern times, the last in 1947, were found murdered—and beheaded.

But knowledge of the exact location of the mine has died with those few who know it. Even today groups of Americans spend holidays searching for the Lost Dutchman.

There can be no doubt that the Dutchman exists. The first clue comes in the year 1748.

Then, as a reward for services rendered to the Spanish crown, Ferdinand IV of Spain bestowed a grant of land to a Don Miguel Peralta. The amount of land given was astounding—about 3,750 square miles, the middle of which is now the State of Arizona. The descendants of this family either discovered the gold mine themselves or had it pointed out to them by the Apaches—then friendly, unsophisticated and with no idea of the trouble the arrival of the white men heralded for them.

Evidence shows that a Don Enrico Peralta in the 1800s made several expeditions to the mine. Each time he returned with mule trains laden with baskets of the heavy gold ore.

The mine itself was in the shape of a funnel—the widest end open to the sky. It was more like a pit than the conventional mine shaft. As the Mexican miners dug deeper they made the pit deeper. On each shaft they fixed notched timbers to enable the miner with his heavy sack of ore to climb back to the surface.

All this was watched by the Apaches, who were not friendly to the miners. They were not friendly to the miners.



And it happened on the very next visit to the mine—some time in 1804. Some Mexican peasants molested Indian women. The battle began.

The Apaches—on their home ground—attacked and for three days harried the Mexicans from one end of the Superstition Mountains to the other. Finally Don Enrico fell somewhere in the canyons—an Apache arrow through his neck. Only a few Mexicans escaped.

Up to now the action had been confined to the wilderness of the Superstition Mountains, and the trail to Mexico. At this point, however, two German immigrants enter the story—Jacob Weiser and Jacob Waltz. From Jacob Waltz the mine was to receive its name, although he was, in fact, German and not Dutch.

The two men saved the life of the son of Don Enrico in a brawl in Mexico after the American Civil War (in which they had served). With the son, Don Miguel, they went to the mine and brought away "about sixty thousand dollars' worth of gold." On their return to Mexico Don Miguel asked the two ex-soldiers to give him their share in return for the deeds of the mine. He had no wish to return again and run the gauntlet of the arrows that had slain his father.

So the mine became the property of Waltz and Weiser. They returned to the mine, worked it and ran out of provisions. Waltz went to get more. While he was away the Apaches attacked Weiser.

DIAMONDS—THE NEW RACKET

ANY Joe with a spade, some wire gauze, and no regard for the law can get diamonds north, south, east, and west in Britain's Sierra Leone.

When he has got them he hears the call of the border—the frontier of the Negro Republic of Liberia.

Diamonds are bursting out all over Sierra Leone. Many of them are along river beds outside the operational area of the Diamond Selection Trust, which, on paper, has the monopoly of production.

And you can tell the Liberians are interested in diamonds by the unloving way they frisk your toothpaste, shaving cream, your ties, and even your trouser turnups when you arrive.

They have a right to be. An interested Liberian on the stationary attitude is no way to becoming the biggest market for racket health. "Racket" in the world. The turnover of illicit Sierra Leone diamonds last year was £200,000. Last year was a record. Last year was a record.

Badly wounded, Weiser staggered and crawled across the (this desert). Before he died he told his story to a doctor. The mine was no longer a secret. But the exact location was not known. That was the one thing that Weiser had not made clear before he died.

Waltz returned to the camp beside the mine—and found ample evidence of the Apache attack. Grief-stricken and believing his partner dead, he left the mine and never returned. He died many years later without telling anyone reliable where the mine was situated.

If he had returned he might not have recognised the spot himself. The Apaches had found that more and more people, Mexican and American, were penetrating into their stronghold in search of the mine. And they determined to put an end to the foreign "invasions."

But before that, in 1880, two young soldiers are said to have found the mine. They were murdered—not by Indians—for the money they obtained for the first load of ore they brought into the town of Pinal. And they were murdered on the way back to the mine. The secret died with them.

Then the Apaches found what they thought was a way of stopping the "trespassers." In later years an old Apache told this tale. Working all one winter the Apache squaws supervised by the bucks filled in and completely covered the mine. They packed down earth

and rock and painstakingly camouflaged the surface. The mine was blended with the rest of the wild mountains.

In the years that followed the Apaches were hunted down and driven out of the Superstitions. They were no longer a danger to prospectors and fortune-seekers. But no one found the mine. That is until 1931.

In May 1931, Adolph Ruth arrived in the Superstitions country. He was believed to have an old Mexican map showing the location of the mine.

Although lame and no longer young—he had a silver plate in his leg as a result of an accident—Adolph Ruth was not dissuaded from going into the Superstitions, despite the fact that they were almost waterless in that season.

Two prospectors took him into the maze of canyons on June 14. The day afterwards they returned and said that they had left him encamped at a water hole in West Boulder Canyon. Later the owner of a ranch nearby became worried and went to look for the old man. The camp was there but it was obvious to searchers that Ruth had not been there for the past 24 hours.

And they could not find him. Local sheriffs were warned and soon deputies arrived to continue the search round Weaver's Needle. They could find no trace.

The Needle stands in the middle of three canyons—West Boulder, East Boulder, and Needle Canyon. The three converge two miles northwest of the peak and there is a mile-long ridge covered with dense brush. On this ridge Adolph Ruth had spent his last moments. But it was not until December that the skeleton was found. Or rather the skull—with a bullet hole through it. A month later, in January, 1932, the rest of the skeleton was discovered—some considerable distance from where the skull was found. Among the bones was the silver surgical plate.

lounched on the only chairs available and stared at us for three quarters of an hour by my watch, so help me.

Time to note a few things—for example, the paunchy Liberian frontier policeman with American cop badges and guns on their fat thighs.

But when it comes to diamonds the boys freshen up and make quite a show. A twenty policeman took fully 20 minutes to deal with Redfern.

A kind of cop's labourer tugged Redfern's pipe out of his mouth as he entered the inspection hut, which was overcrowded with four persons in it. It was the floor—and a filthy one—for Redfern's nylon shirt and tropical flares up his belongings were unloaded, fingered, and squeezed.

Ha, ha! While the beefy boys were having their fun a dozen diamond barons—mainly Europeans—in this town five miles away were doing what they do every day—shifting Sierra Leone's diamonds to Borneo and Beirut to Manhattan and Moscow.

Some are splendid stones which will retail at 7,000 dollars a carat. Others are industrial diamonds needed for perishing the moving parts of a machine.

For all the time at the airport every official in Liberia knows about the racket.

There was no trace of a map or documents of which he had spoken. But in a memorandum book in his clothes were tantalising tidbits of information. The last but one was "Venl, Vidi, Vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered). Had Ruth found the mine? He may have done, for the last entry, hastily jotted down in pencil read: "About 200 feet across from cave."

No one was arrested for the murder—and more fortune-hunters came and went safely. The flow slackened off during the war, but livened up again afterwards. Until...

James A. Cravey came to Phoenix in 1946. He said he was a photographer, but had retired. He, too, claimed to know where there was a phenomenally rich mine in the Superstitions—that had been covered over.

He brought the modern touch to prospecting. On June 16, 1947, Mr Cravey was flown by helicopter into the Superstitions with all his gear.

The pilot—Chuck Marthens—reported that he first landed on a peak to allow Mr Cravey to get his bearings. Cravey looked around and finally pointed with complete assurance to a canyon and said that he wanted to be put down in the bottom of that canyon.

Chuck Marthens was the last person to see Cravey alive. Despite careful searches he was not found until February 21, 1948—in canyon due east of Weaver's Needle. The skeleton was complete—except for the skull. That was found later near Bluff Spring—the spring that was walled up by the Mexicans so many years before.

Cravey's murderer or murderers were never found. Despite both these beheadings the hunt for the Lost Dutchman goes on. There's gold in them there hills—if you know where to find it. But the Apaches and the Superstitions have hidden their secret well.

The stuff is carried in shoe heels, in cigars, in motor tyres—or merely in a screw of paper in the hand of a Mandingo tribesman working through the frontier bush.

There are small planes which nip out of here and make five-minute touchdowns on isolated airstrips to which the couriers tramp from Koidu, Pendembu, and other market villages on the rim of Sierra Leone.

The racket begins with a youth like Ali. My seat partner in the plane told me about him.

About Ali

All was happy as a £3 10s. a month house steward for a West Indian with a good job in the Sierra Leone Administration. Then he left without explanation.

After six months Ali reappeared in a wide-brimmed hat, loud shirt and flashy shoes. He told his astonished boss, my companion, that he had gone I.D.M. (meaning illicit diamond mining) and had collected £400 for one stone.

The Sierra Leone made up country all want to join the get-rich-quick army. The stores sell twice the number of spades they did a year back. Wire gauze is £15 a drum.

John Redfern

No other watch has these "talking points"

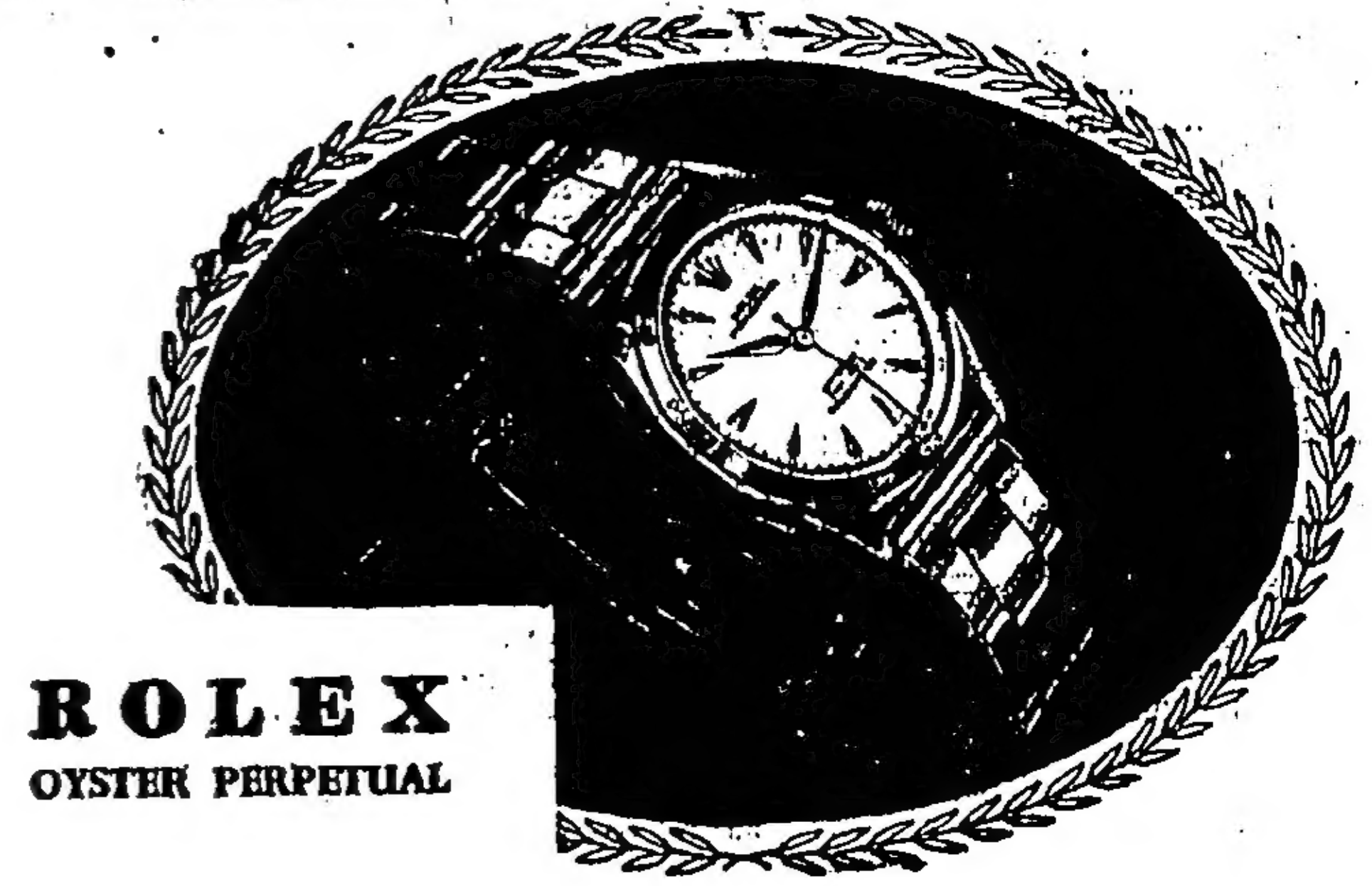
This waterproof, self-winding wrist-watch only came into being through two great advances, both made by Rolex of Geneva. The first was the development of the famous Oyster case that permanently safeguards the movement from dust, damp or water.

The second was the evolution of the Rolex Perpetual "rotor" mechanism that keeps the watch automatically wound. Not only does this save the trouble of winding; it also ensures an even tension on the mainspring and gives the movement a constant accuracy unattainable in a hand-wound watch.

These are two talking points that no other watch

can provide. They are powerful and compelling. Well presented, they will convince any man who wants a really good watch that a Rolex Oyster Perpetual is what he is looking for.

Rolex advertising and promotion has been telling the story of these Rolex inventions for several years. They are dramatically illustrated by the famous Rolex testimonials appearing in current advertising. Rolex display material carries the story through into the shop. The Rolex Oyster Perpetual is the best prospective seller among the more expensive watches.



ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL

TWO TRIUMPHS BEHIND A TRIUMPH



In 1926, Rolex produced the Oyster case—the first absolutely effective means of protecting a movement from all harmful substances and making it permanently waterproof.



First produced in 1911, the Rolex Perpetual "rotor" made possible the world's first practical self-winding wrist-watch. Rotating silently in its axis with every movement of your hand, the "rotor" automatically keeps the watch fully wound—day in, day out, indefinitely.

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THE GREAT GAMBLERS

THE HOUSE THAT MR. WRIGHT BUILT

Six played with fire (No. 2)

THE jury were out for only an hour before they found the prisoner, Whitaker Wright, guilty of "knowingly making false statements with intent to defraud shareholders" in his companies. The sentence was the severest allowed by the law: seven years' penal servitude.

Whitaker Wright heard it without flinching. He bowed slightly, said that he was innocent of any intent to deceive anyone, and stepped out of the dock. Before being taken to prison he was allowed a short consultation with his solicitor and two friends.

He thanked them

NOW he remained calm, but he was also bitter. "This is British justice," he said to them. "I have done nothing wrong. I think it is disgraceful." He gave one of his friends, who had stood bail for him in the unprecedented amount of £28,000, his gold watch and chain. Then he thanked them all for what they had done and made an excuse to go to another room. There he took a cyanide of potassium capsule, and within a few minutes he was dead.

Had the police searched him before he entered the dock on the last day of the trial they would have found on him not only two cyanide capsules but also a revolver, loaded and cocked.

The drama of Whitaker Wright's suicide in January

It had a billiard-room below an artificial lake. It stood among man-made hills and grottoes. It was surrounded by a score of fountains and statues—one weighing 60 tons. It had a theatre, an observatory.

It cost one and a quarter million pounds... and it started a fabulous financier on his last adventure.

a fine head and an easy manner, and at one set up in business. From modest offices at 43, Lothbury in the heart of the City, he lured dozens of companies. Most of them set out to exploit the recently-discovered goldfields of Western Australia, and apparently they were successful. At least they paid dividends, and their shares increased in price.

Wright turned to bigger

by Julian Symonds

1904 has obscured other remarkable features in his career. He was a rarity among the company promoters who flourished at the end of the nineteenth century—many of his gold mines really had gold in them. People who invested in them often made a great deal of money.

When his company collapsed he fled from justice—and then gave himself up for trial voluntarily. There is no doubt that he firmly believed in his own innocence and it was a belief he shared with the contact who defended him, Lawson Walton (who later became Attorney-General) and Richard Muir, afterwards Senior Counsel to the Treasury. Muir, indeed, said that Wright was a man bound to death for having failed. By intention, he was not a criminal, but an adventurer.

Wright was born in Cheshire, but he spent many years in the United States as assayer and company promoter. He went back to England in 1889, a thick-necked heavy man, with

things. He formed a parent company named the London and Globe Finance Corporation, with a capital of £2,000,000. The function of the London and Globe was to provide money for his other companies when necessary. As a guarantee of its stability a former Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, accepted the position of chairman of the board.

Strange affair

THE London and Globe backed a revolutionary scheme for the construction of a new London railway, to be called the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway. This is now the Bakerloo Underground line, but in Wright's day it was simply a well into which nearly a million pounds disappeared. The Baker Street Railway, a long-term success but a short-term failure, was one of the

three reasons why Wright, in spite of his success in floating companies, found himself in financial trouble.

The second was the strange affair of Lake View Consols. This was an Australian mining company, exploiting a field which had been producing 30,000 ounces of gold a month. The price of Lake View shares went up from £9 to £28. Then the gold production declined suddenly, the shares slumped, and Wright tried to support them with money drawn from other companies. The London and Globe lost £750,000 over Lake View Consols.

Dream of luxury

BUT beyond doubt, the prime reason why Wright found himself short of money was his extraordinary extravagance in relation to his home at Lea Park, near Goddington. He bought this property for £250,000, and spent another £1,000,000 on it.

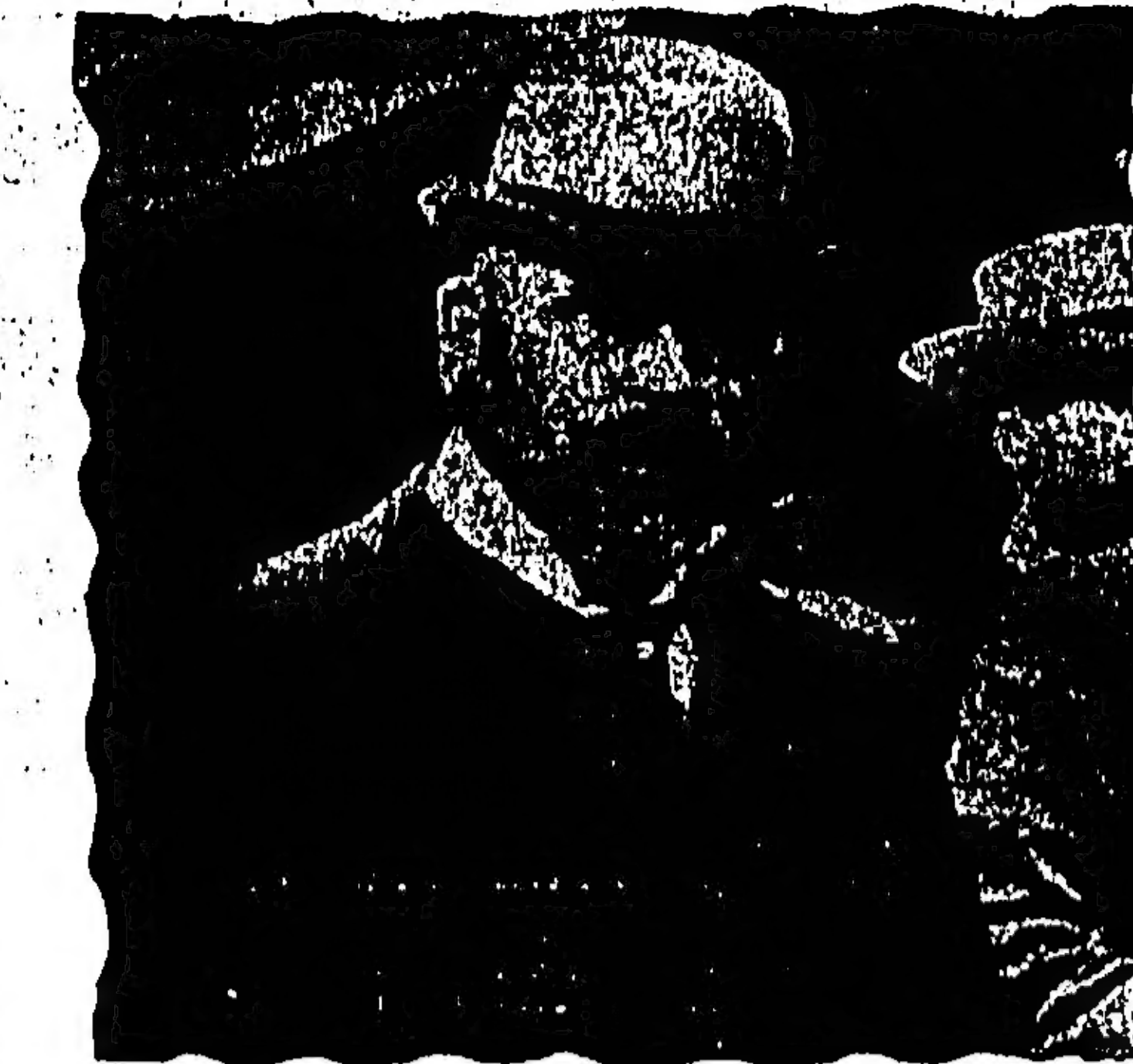
The grounds were reconstructed to make a parvenu's dream of luxury, something between a museum and a fun fair.

You could play billiards in a glass saloon under one of the artificial lakes. You could row yourself over the largest lake into a cavern and step ashore to look at expensive statues which had been brought from half a dozen different countries. You could walk up grassy hills or into grottoes—all of them built quickly by contractors and occasionally moved from one place to another as Wright took it into his head to change the landscape's appearance. You could look at a score of marble fountains, one of them curved out of a block of marble which weighed 80 tons and had to be brought to Lea Park by traction engine. You could visit the private observatory and the private theatre.

Everything was done on a scale of grand vulgarity. Even the ceilings of the saloons showed carvings of hunting scenes.

Up to the autumn of 1899 Whitaker Wright might have been reckless, but he had done nothing criminal. Now, however, he put Lord Dufferin up to make a speech to the shareholders of the London and Globe, showing that the Corporation was in a flourishing condition and possessed £500,000 in cash.

In fact the company was utterly insolvent, and Wright was able to show a favourable balance only by juggling with the finances of all his other companies. Lord Dufferin, who knew nothing about finance, spoke from Wright's notes and said what he had been told to say. He retired from public life when he realised the way in which he had been tricked. But even a speech backed



The juggler in millions

Whitaker Wright was something of a rarity among the 19th century promoters... many of his gold mines really had gold in them.

by the weight of Lord Dufferin's name could not postpone disaster for long. Within a few months the London and Globe announced itself insolvent and brought down with it all Wright's other companies.

There followed one of the most astonishing features of the Whitaker Wright story. For two years the Government refused to initiate a prosecution against him on the ground that it was unlikely to succeed. Could a man be prosecuted for issuing a false balance sheet? The Solicitor-General was very doubtful. In the end, the order for a prosecution was issued, not by the Attorney-General but by the Official Receiver. Before the order was issued, however, Wright had lost his nerve. He fled from England to France. There he received a warning telegram from his wife in America, accompanied by a young Frenchwoman named Miss Androni, known on board as Miss Brown.

Through a maze

ON arrival in New York he vacillated uneasily between defiance and apology. At first he resisted extradition. Then he suddenly declared that he was prepared to go home and surrender, since he had done nothing wrong. In the autumn of 1903 he returned to England, leaving Miss Androni in New York.

The prosecution might have been initiated reluctantly, but it was forced home with vigour. Leader for the prosecution was Rufus Isaacs, the best lawyer in the country in financial cases. In order not to confuse the jury, he concentrated on the charge of issuing false balance sheets. Nevertheless, both Mr Justice Bigham, who tried the case, and the jury found it at times impossible to trace a way through the maze of Wright's finance.

The judge frequently confessed his own bafflement, and

at one point asked the jury if they understood the transaction. The jury said they did not.

Odds against him

IN this confusion among financial details lay Wright's best hope of acquittal. He could call no useful witnesses, but he took the stand himself, and made a good impression by his own obvious belief that he had acted for the best when he manipulated the balance sheets. "Things looked very different years afterwards," he will guarantee to go to the Bank of England and twist and distort anything years afterwards.

He did his best, but whatever chance he might have had with the jury was destroyed by the immense prejudice roused by his flight to America. The odds were heavily weighted against him also by the fact that he was tried by a special jury of the City of London. Since the City had suffered so heavily through him this was the worst possible sort of jury to try the case from the point of view of prejudice. Mr Justice Bigham, in summing up asked whether his activities were what might be called justifiable window-dressing or whether they were deliberately devised to deceive the shareholders and he left no doubt of his own opinion. The jury found him guilty on all except two counts.

Throughout the trial Wright had expected a verdict in his favour, or at least disagreement. He showed a brave face to the world, but even his optimism must have wavered at the end. When, on the last day, he put into his pockets the cyanide capsules and the revolver he must have realised that the adventure of his life was over. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED

Next Saturday

The Brighton wife who became London's Night Club Queen

William Fish visits the troubled border between Malaya and Siam

STORM CLOUDS ARE RED

SECURITY officers are today asking themselves what goes on in the jungle-clad, mist-swathed mountains where the unmarked frontier of Malaya meets that of Siam.

Chin Peng, leader of Malaya's Communist terrorists, is reported to have moved into the Betong salient of south Siam, which begins four miles northeast of here.

300-mile border, one of the most rugged in the world, vary from 150 (Siamese official estimate) to 1,500 (unofficial British figure).

The Malayan police are reinforced in their fight against terrorists by the 1st Battalion, Royal Scots Fusiliers—but no British soldier is allowed to operate inside Siamese territory.

'The Siamese police' have no military backing. It is popularly believed there are two reasons for this.

Night Curfew

Army personnel must be paid more if they are moved outside Bangkok—the capital, and Siam is already overcast on military commitments. The Siamese are probably more worried—though they don't admit it—about events on their northern border, where Communist forces with infiltrators from Indo-China are known to be massing.

The border here is that if the Siamese Army moves anywhere it will be northwards. I travelled by winding jungle road to Betong, in Siam, and heard at first-hand how the Siamese regard the situation. There are 8,500 people living in the salient, and two-thirds of them are Chinese. But the Siamese believe that, unlike the Chinese in Malaya, these will not supply or co-operate with the terrorists.

Even so, 50 Chinese have been deported from the area in the last two and a half years. Hundreds more have been shifted from remote parts. "Just a routine precaution," a Siamese officer told me. Soon it is planned to place the whole salient under a night curfew.

I asked a Siamese Intelligence officer how many Min Yuen (or terrorist supporters) he believed to be in the area.

Jungle Belt

Food restrictions, which have made many parts of Malaya impossible for terrorists, are virtually nonexistent in Siam.

Malayan and Siamese police jointly control a 20-mile-wide belt of jungle lying on both sides of the border. Neither will comment on recent reports that Communist camps, with accommodation for up to 200 men, have been found.

Currently the situation is quiet on the frontier. Malayan police take this as a sign that the Communists are avoiding trouble while they complete reorganisation of their forces and supply lines.

Siamese police are widely inclined to the view that there is no great concentration of terrorists on their side of the border.

Estimates of the total number of terrorists on the

Much Happening

He shrugged, smiled broadly and said: "Ten. Eleven, maybe." I queried the reply. "If there were more," said the Siamese, "I would arrest them."

He seemed satisfied that there could not possibly, under any circumstances, be terrorists or helpers in the salient that he does not know about. The same went for his superiors—affable men who had spent most of their lives in the picket little town of Betong.

But as more patrols return to our side of the border with reports of new tracks leading in and out of Siam, the feeling grows that a job is going on about which the Siamese know nothing.

Or about which they are saying nothing.

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SAM WHITE'S Paris Newsletter

MAXINE, THE NEW SCHIAPARELLI

Paris. TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Maxine de la Falaise, who has been described in Paris fashion circles as "the new Schiaparelli," has told me something of the life of a struggling beginner in the intensely competitive world of Paris fashion design.

She lives in a two-roomed flat and has her showroom in a hotel bedroom. The bedroom is the scene of remarkable confusion as models scamper in and out of the bathroom to change dresses and show them off to clients seated uncomfortably on the two twin beds.

Her staff consists of only one assistant, and the

models are spare-time professionals or friends who drop in and are persuaded to try on dresses as the need for showing arises.

The only office equipment is a portable typewriter on which Maxine and her assistant do all the complicated invoicing and business correspondence.

Maxine, a former mannequin, tells me she never goes to fashionable functions now "because I haven't the clothes and I can't afford to wear my own."

DIAGHILEV ECHO...

A LITTLE-KNOWN woman, a wife of a world-famous man, has died in obscurity in Nice. She was 68-year-old Olga Kodolova, a former dancer in the Diagilev Ballet

Company and the first wife of Pablo Picasso.

Although she died only a few miles from Picasso's Riviera home, the two had not seen each other for 18 years and Picasso did not attend her funeral. They were never divorced. Unlike her Communist husband, she was devoutly religious and her religion—Greek Orthodox—forbade divorce.

Picasso, who could have divorced her, was deterred from doing so by the heavy settlement which under French law he would have had to make on her.

Had she survived Picasso, again under French law, she would have inherited automatically the greater part of his enormous fortune.

Her death removed this possibility and leaves Picasso more or less free to dispose of it as he thinks fit. Certainly

the French Communist Party will be a heavy beneficiary.

They married in 1919 in Rome while Picasso was working on settings for a Jean Cocteau ballet in which she was appearing. A year later his son, Paul, was born. His birth ended her dancing career and the Russian Revolution ended all hope of returning to her native Russia.

BURIED PAST

THEY separated in 1930, Picasso paying her an allowance which permitted her to live modestly in Geneva. She led a lonely life interrupted only by regular visits to Nice where she stayed in a small hotel to see her son.

It was during one of these visits that she died. Paul, now 35, has none of the talent or personality of his

father. His major interest is motorcycle racing. Picasso employs him as his chauffeur-mechanic.

As in his life, so in his art, Olga seemed buried in Picasso's forgotten past. He painted some 21 portraits of her during his "naturalistic" period. He was disappointed with them and never sold any.

They remain in his possession to this day, kept out of sight, and few critics or friends have ever seen them. Only four people attended her funeral, including her son Paul and an obscure pottery worker and his wife from Picasso's village, Vallauris.

Will Picasso marry again? Recently Picasso, who is now 73, separated from his common-law wife, 33-year-old Francoise Gilot, mother of two of his children.

They are still apart.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

CHAPTER TWO

Exploits of the Cloak and Dagger Squadron

HOW BRAVE 'CABBAGE' ESCAPED
THE GERMAN SPY HUNTBy **LESLIE MONTGOMERY**
(AS TOLD TO GORDON THOMAS)

I'll always remember the night I dropped my first girl spy. We had been waiting almost an hour when a blacked-out car jerked to a halt beside the Halifax standing on the runway at Tempsford.

Before it had restarted, we were rumbling down the runway, with a spy aboard. She sat on the floor of the plane and chatted to members of the crew.

I stared at her. A bulky jumping suit hid her figure. She was hardly pretty though her code name "Cabbage" did not do her justice. She saw me staring, smiled quickly, then settled down for the long trip to France. She was no more concerned than if she were going shopping.

At the French coast, a lone searchlight swept across the moonlit sky. We evaded it and thundered towards the dropping zone.

"Ten minutes to pin-point," the navigator's words cut through the battle atmosphere in the Halifax.

The girl stood up, crushed her cigarette, and stepped past bulky parcels full of propaganda leaflets. We were to drop them on the return journey to hide the purpose of our real mission.

Carefully, she sat near the "Jee hee!" through which she would shortly vanish. The Dispatcher checked her parachute.

RED LIGHT

Suddenly, a green light winked on, and the door to the hole swung open. The girl dangled her feet out of the aircraft. The green light turned red.

"Go!" The Dispatcher's shout coincided with the girl vanishing through the hatch.

On the ground, she slowed her parachute under some bushes, in the way she had been taught.

At these weeks of hard training, those hours learning how to tap telephone wires, how to sabotage railway lines, how to send vital information in code—it was all now going to be put to the test.

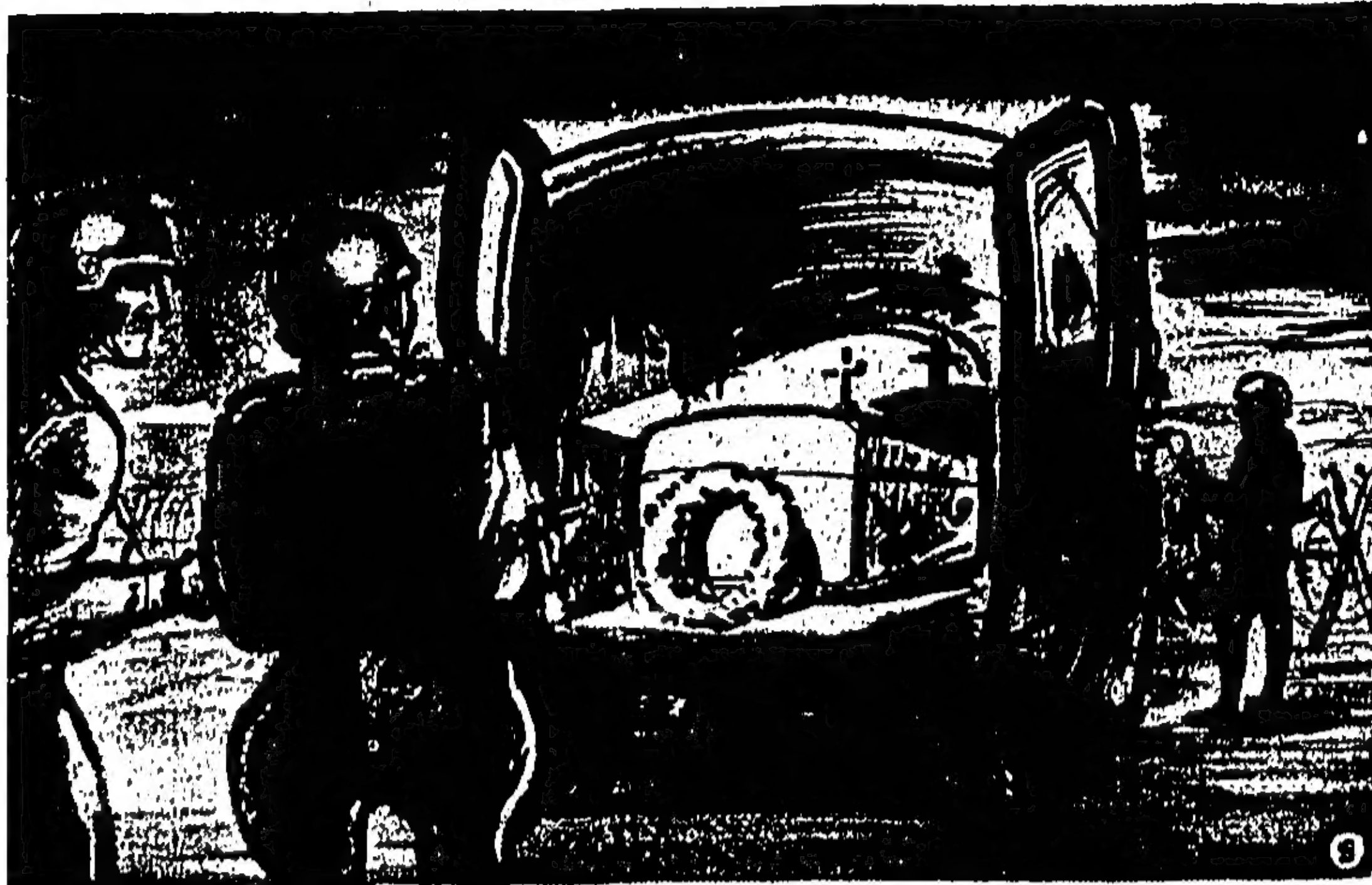
She changed into skirt, sweater and heels—the attire of a French country girl. With a poison pill and revolver in easy reach, she set off.

Her task was a radio information back to Britain on enemy movements.

This was the most dangerous part of any spy's work. It meant she would have to operate in heavily-defended military areas. And the enemy used every possible device to eliminate radio operators. Detector cars, troops, aircraft, ships, informers—all were employed.

"Cabbage" accepted these risks calmly. She worked patiently. Within a week, helped by men and women of the Resistance, she collected highly important information.

But hardly had the girl started transmitting it when the cry went up: "The Germans are coming down the road!"



German soldiers stop the hearse... the driver is questioned... but they overlook the coffin, in which the spy is hidden.

Desperately, the small band of patriots—many with a price on their heads—scrambled with their precious transmitter through the back door just as the Gestapo burst in through the front.

"Cabbage" kept cool. She dumped the radio in a dustbin, and walked the opposite way to which her friends had run.

They were captured, and ended before a firing squad. She stayed free.

Such a close brush with death didn't unnerve her. That night she sneaked back and retrieved the transmitter in a suitcase. Then, she smiled and joked her way on to a train that was leaving the rail.

An army officer soon had his arm around her waist. But it was better than having handcuffs on, and his company meant that when passes were checked, he was able to vouch for her—and the suitcase!

Eventually, she freed herself of her persistent suitor, and transmitted her information to England.

A RISK

But the hunt was on for her. The officer had become suspicious, and told the Gestapo, and now the whole countryside was being combed for "Cabbage."

There was only one thing to do—risk detection by witnessing base at Tempsford for a Lysander to pick her up.

She did—and within hours one took off from the airfield.

But by now the whole countryside was alive with Germans. Desperate, "Cabbage" took another risk and contacted the local underground.

They responded magnificently to the occasion. The head of the local Resistance was an undertaker. He got out his

hearse, placed the girl in a coffin, and drove to meet the Lysander. Three times the hearse was stopped by patrolling Germans, but the coffin was a safe passport for the spy.

Eventually, the hearse stopped by a field. It was now early in the morning, and the moon made the clouds look like silver shawls.

COURAGE

Suddenly, a faint humming could be heard. The Lysander, looking like a giant moth, was coming down.

The hearse's headlights flashed the recognition signals. Within moments the aircraft touched down, picked up "Cabbage," and was airborne again.

The girl's ordeal was over. I have told this story in detail, because it is typical of the amazing courage of these women agents.

But not all trips were as easy as hers. . . .

Late in April 1943, I took a young Norwegian girl back to her country.

By this weather beat us. But British intelligence urgently wanted the vital information she could collect, so we set off a third time.

And this time she jumped when the aircraft was travelling at 100 miles an hour—40 miles above safe jumping speed.

She collided with the tail wheel—and for long minutes swung underneath the aircraft, unaided and in grave danger.

The pilot juggled the Halifax, and the semi-conscious spy fell clear. She landed on half a parachute—but her information helped greatly in D Day plans.

Another unforgettable adventure took place for me on the night of January 28, 1943. For four hours we battled with break ice storms to Czechoslovakia, loaded down with four light-lipped agents and supplies.

But a range of mountains balked us when we were 20 minutes from the dropping point. Glumly, we turned to home.

For weeks the pace had been getting tougher. We now carried civilian clothes and faked passports under our flying kit. The passports were changed every three months.

Finally, we slowed cyanide pills within easy reach. It would be a quicker end than a Gestapo torture chamber.

Without space aboard, we might have been able to bluff our way to the comparative safety of a prison camp. But now we would have no chance, and the weather was worsening.

OVER SKODA

Suddenly a blinding explosion rocked the port wing of the Halifax. Then the solid impact of exploding metal peppering the squat belly of the aircraft rasped on my nerves.

A probing searchlight groped, and fixed its unblinking eye on the bomber's port wing.

Another finger of light zig-zagged across the sky, and settled on us. Then another, and another. We were over Skoda, the most heavily defended armaments factory in Eastern Europe!

The Halifax plunged over on its side. In a cruel light that bathed the injured aircraft, I saw the pilot struggling to hold the plane on its crazy plunge.

The ground rushed ever closer, and the flak increased. It was like diving into hell!

Crumpled! Another blinding flash burst round the aircraft. In all my trips, I had never seen such a barrage as this.

And then we were hopping over the factory roofs. I saw

the gleaming tiles before we roared into the safety of open country.

But now we were lost. The weather had deteriorated, and the navigator's sensitive instruments refused to function.

Petrol was running low. Our truck was being plotted by ground radar. The spies and supplies weighed the aircraft down. But we pressed on, dropping steadily lower and lower.

CRIPPLED

Battered and crippled, we crawled sluggishly towards the English Channel. Thankfully, no night fighters appeared. Suddenly, after what seemed hours of flying, acres of mud flats glistened below. We were over a heavily defended Cherbourg peninsula.

Brilliant white starshells flashed in the sky around us. Noce down, the Halifax thundered through the flak, and screamed over the English Channel... to safety!

It was only then that I realised that the four spies had not shown a trace of panic, or murmured a word!

The bravest agent I ever met was vivacious Odette Churchill. She, even manager to look glamorous in a baggy jumping suit!

She chewed raisins on the trip across, and looked as relaxed as if she was going to a Sunday school treat. But there was no reception committee waiting for her on the ground.

She made another trip—but once more there was no reception committee awaiting her.

BY BOAT

Undaunted, Odette insisted she be allowed to try once more. So we set off on the hazardous journey again. But still no reception committee.

All Odette said was: "I'll have a shot by boat." She did, and eventually ended up in Ravensbruck concentration camp, where she narrowly escaped death.

To get better secret airfields on the Continent, we brought back Franchimen and showed them what we wanted.

Then we ferried them home again, where they resumed their normal occupations under the noses of the Germans!

But one French agent was picked up by the Gestapo. Handcuffed, he went through the usual methods of Gestapo interrogation.

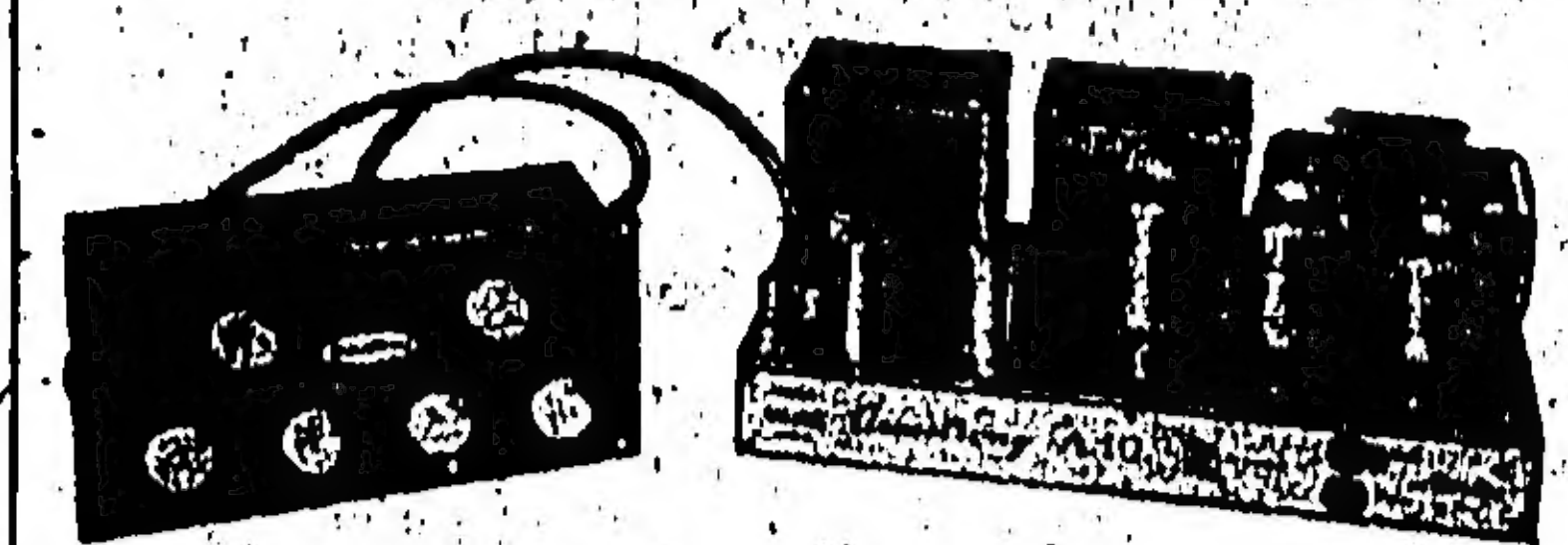
First he was punched by his five examiners. Then they kicked him. A pause, while one of them shouted: "Tell us who brought you here, and who is helping you!"

The spy's stubborn headshake brought another trade of abuse on him.

Then his feet were pressed between a crude pump, and his ankles broken. When he came to, he was in a cell. Scorn, there were more questions, more beating, more spells of unconsciousness.

He prayed for death—to release him of the strain of not betraying the secret base of "The Cloak and Dagger Squadron."

Then came escape. It was a simple one. He rolled out of

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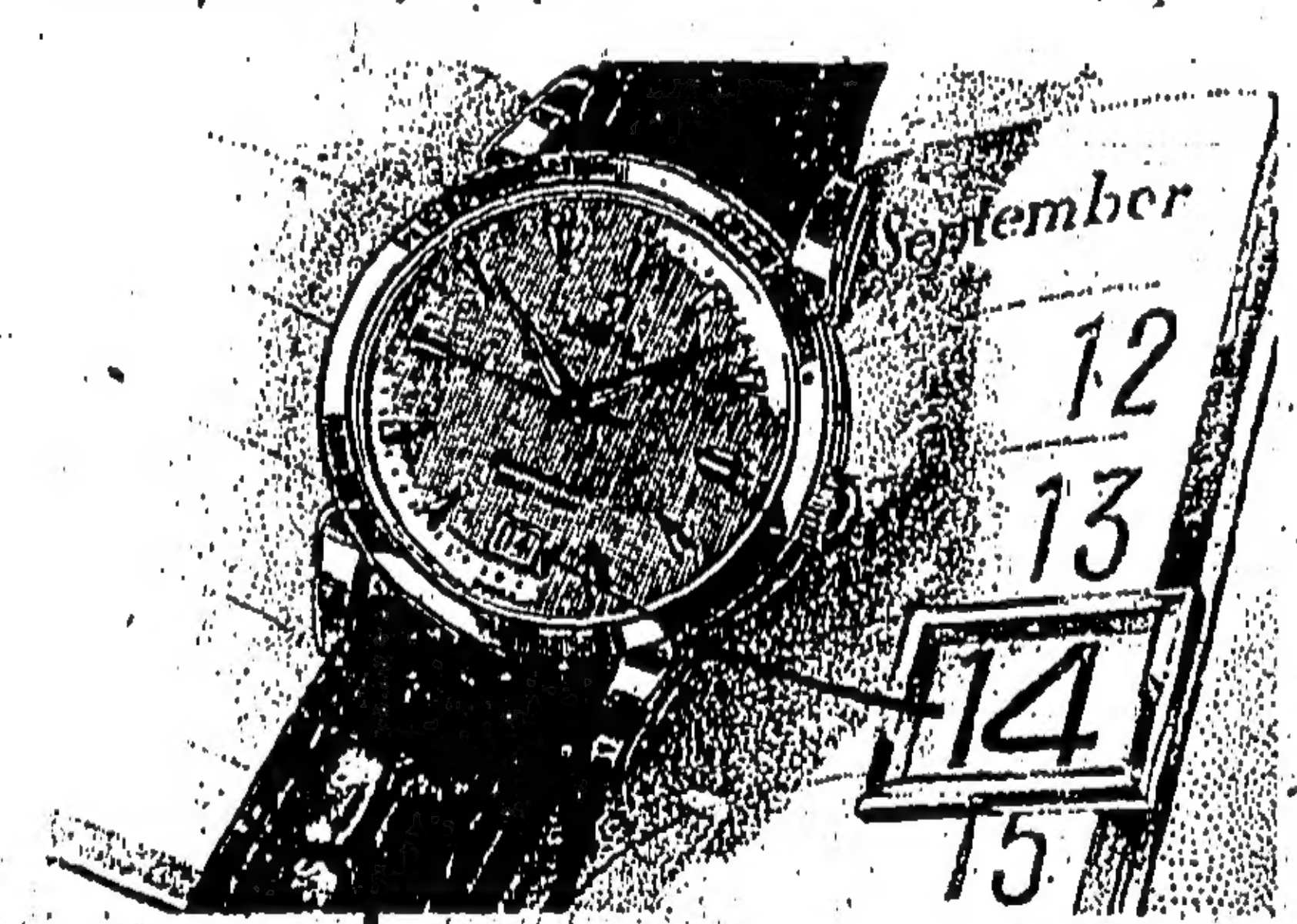
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OMEGA
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The search is on in Hongkong for "The Thing." Topical is this story of
The Monkeys Who Took Up Housekeeping

Tokyo. THE most tantalising experience for a foreign newsmen who can't read Japanese, and who must rely primarily on a sketchy English-language "cover" of events, is the number of lively and fascinating local stories that he never manages to follow up.

The past year in Japan, I well recall, was replete with these lost (but never forgotten) news stories.

For example, I have never been able to ascertain the outcome of the macabre invasion of a few hapless charcoal-burners' huts in the Fuji area by an arrogant force of large monkeys. The intruders evicted the dwellers, set up sketchy "housekeeping" in the huts, and, in intelligent curiosity, donned clothing and hats left behind by the peasants.

RICHARD HUGHES culls some "oddities" from the notebook of a newsmen in the Land of the Rising Sun

As a result there were reports by foreigners who, driving by at twilight, were startled by the apparition of apes in loose coats and rakish straw hats, with or without trousers, or with trousers on back-to-front, somersaulting from hut-roof to hut-roof, scratching and scuffling in open doorways—or strolling with quiet dignity, hand-in-hand, along the road.

I still lie awake at night, brooding over the amazing news story, and speculating on its unknown sequel.

THE NIGHT TRAIN

And what about the baffling mystery of Night Train 131, which would fascinate a film director, and which, so far as I know, has never been carried to a solution?

Two apparent strangers, occupying adjoining seats, fell separately to their deaths as the crowded night train thundered from Tokyo to Osaka.

The first man, an elderly and amiable, respectable-looking traveller, had ticket No. 3089, and boarded the train at

Yokohama, 20 minutes from Tokyo. He removed his trousers, coat and boots in conventional Japanese travelling style, curled up in his window-seat and fell asleep.

Beside him was a younger but equally respectable man, with ticket No. 3088, who had boarded the train at Tokyo. Neither exchanged a word or took special note of each other.

Just after midnight, 3089 arose with a murmured apology and padded down the swaying, dimly-lighted carriage. He never came back. His body was subsequently picked up beside the track at a point which indicated he had fallen, jumped or been pushed from the carriage platform-door shortly after he had left his seat.

There was no alarm, or sound of a struggle. Other passengers took little or no heed of his non-return.

Then, at dawn, as the train began to rumble across a long steel bridge, near Nagoya, passengers 3088 rose quietly, slipped on his seat, and fell over the

snoring passengers and similarly disappeared. His body was later found beside the tracks on the other side of the bridge.

The first and only account I read of this flesh-crawling story said that neither man carried identification.

MANSLAUGHTER MIX-UP

Then there was the fantastic manslaughter mix-up at Nawa. Three Orientals started a drunken free-for-all, assaulting one another with hearty impartiality before a large and appreciative audience.

Two happened to be twins named Hashimoto, wearing the same kind of workmen's overalls, but not prevented by any fraternal sympathies from attacking, gouging and kicking each other as well as the third, non-Hashimoto contestant.

In a final flurry one of the Hashimotos, after butting his brother, fell and killed the third man. Then came the confusion, the legal muddle, and although about a hundred witnesses had witnessed what had

one could testify with certainty as to who struck it. The police, according to last reports, are still baffled by the problem.

Here, in conclusion, is a mixed-bag of other lost news stories in Japan.

Did the Economic Council Board ever work out, as threatened, what the Pacific War cost Japan in hard cash?

Whatever happened to the austere Shikoku police matron who tried to poison her 12-year-old son as a measure of discipline against his juvenile delinquency?

Finally, who prevailed in the bitter dispute between comic-strip artists (the "national artists") and brewers over the revolutionary proposal to substitute iron barrels, annotated with the names of famous poets, for the wooden barrels in which the

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No wonder she's the blushing bride, when by ancient custom the marriage bed is hauled out into the street.

QUIET WEDDING? NOT ON THIS SUNSHINE ISLE

By J. L. Hays

JUST by way of loving emphasis, the Cyprus village bride gets her toes trodden on by the groom when the officiating priest gives her to understand that it will henceforward be her duty to love and obey.

I have been made aware of this truth because Yanni, a sort of odd-job man about my Cyprus home, has just got himself married to a bright-eyed, darkly-pretty little girl called Soula, from the same village.

Indeed, I am still recovering from the week-long bout of wine and song involved—ending only when the happy pair were compelled by their hilarious relatives and acquaintances each to consume a roasted white dove as a token of a peaceful married life.

Although I gather that Yanni and Soula have been exchanging soft and knowing looks ever since they were children, the austere conventions of their village were strictly observed.

For instance, simply more than a girl's good name is worth to be seen asuring.

Thus Yanni admits that he and his sweet-

heart exchanged more than formal daily greetings before leaving school and the day when, as they found, he informed his parents that he wished to marry. Then followed at Soula's house a high emotional meeting between the parents. Only when it was established that the match was indeed considered desirable by the two parties most intimately concerned did the all-important negotiations follow on the subject of Soula's dowry.

For here a bride is still expected to bring a dowry—usually hard cash, cattle, sheep, linen or a house. Indeed, a poor girl, however attractive, still lives under the threat of enforced spinsterhood. And now parents still began themselves in their efforts to do their duty by their unmarried daughters.

Yanni had no inhibitions about informing me that Soula was providing their home!

Various goings-on, traditional and thoroughly festive, the happy pair's aplomb, began to wobble before the actual service.

First Yanni and Soula were compelled to be witnesses of the public mixing of the wedding meal, real, a mash of mutton and wheat, early on the Monday morning.

They shuffled their feet self-consciously as village girls, wearing gay head-scarves, chanted and sang as they ground the wheat in the community mill and the elders supervised the chopping up of the mutton.

On the Wednesday, we drove to the village again to watch one of Yanni's ten cumbars, or best men, performed the "Dance of the Bridegroom's Clothes." He watched anxiously as the bride, wearing a white dress, danced to the music of a mandolin and a sharp-eyed and wise-cracking crew of married women conducted the "spreading of the mattress" ceremony.

After the heavily-bearded village priest had blessed the bedding (dragged out into the street for the occasion), and the women had sorted the wool stuffing into long strips and rearranged them while moving over and around the mattress in the sign of the Cross, the villagers proceeded to enjoy themselves and mostly at Soula's expense.

As mandolins and violins squeaked, muscular married men picked up the heavy mattress by its corners and "danced" it, then seized an infant, conveniently available, and rolled it about the mattress amid laughter, applause and shouted good wishes.

Silver coins were later carefully sewn into the bedding and the women laid the wedding gifts with the parents of the happy pair, heading the queue of well-wishers.

Yet, solemn of face and fixed of gaze, Yanni looked much the same as any other bridegroom when he marched with his bride between the lines of cumbars and camera, suddenly subdued, into the village church.

And Soula, her eyes sparkling softly in the light of the candles we all held, looked—and acted—just like any other bride.

Things are not what they seem to be in Mukulla, a skyscraper city in the backwater of 20th Century civilisation. Here an Empire builder of the old school, keeps the peace for Britain in an ancient market place. How long can he hold the fort against the new cause of nationalism, say the men in the market place, is one of the riddles of the day. This is the fourth in the series, "Middle East in Ferment."

MUKULLA—REMARKABLE CITY OF CONTRASTS

By HAROLD GUARD

FROM the air, Mukulla looks like a miniature Manhattan island. Even the mosques are dwarfed by the "skyscraper" architecture wastes and mud huts. We of this East Aden seaport, came here, however, not to study the architecture but

Mukulla remains a "dream city" in a land of desert

British Resident-Adviser Hugh Boustead.

Boustead's name is a legend among the tribes inhabiting the 100,000 square miles of desert in the East Aden protectorates. They describe him as "the man who could bring sweat from a turtle." At sixty years of age, and only 5 ft. 4 ins. tall, this must be considered a compliment.

Boustead started his fantastic career in the Navy. He found life at sea too dull, so he went to South Africa to join the Army. Through-out World War I, he fought with distinction. He gained many British and foreign decorations for courage and wound up a full Colonel.

Postwar life was too dull for a soldier like Boustead, and in 1919 found him fighting in the White Russian cavalry of General Denikin's Army against the Bolsheviks.

In 1930, Boustead went with a British expedition climbing Mount Everest. After that he went to Ethiopia with the late Major-General Orde Wingate to organise an army for Emperor Haile Selassie, which later fought Il Duce's invaders.

No Man's Land

From Ethiopia, Boustead went to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where he commanded the Camel Corps. Finally he went into the Colonial Service, and in 1949 was sent to Mukulla to serve as Resident-Adviser in the East Aden Protectorate.

Within an hour after we met the wiry little Colonel, he left Mukulla for a trouble centre in the northern part of the Protectorate. As his destination was in the "no man's land" between the Protectorate and Saudi Arabia, we assumed new border troubles were in the air.

"Nothing quite as simple," an aide explained. "The State Council is meeting to discuss the price of diesel oil for running irrigation pumps in the

Hadramaut. You see, they expected that with the establishment of the new refinery at Aden, the price of fuel oil in Mukulla would go down. Now the State Council is investigating why this happy prospect has not come to pass."

On a scrap of paper, Boustead had pencilled instructions giving us the freedom of the Residency during his absence. Thus, for a week-end, Dawson and I became sole occupants of the stately palace, complete with an armed guard of Hadramauti Bedouin Levies.

With great dignity, an Arab major-domo escorted us through corridors painted indigo blue to our suite, complete with bathroom boasting running cold water and cast-iron "bunder-boxes." Only those who have spent some time in the desert can appreciate this luxury.

In solitary splendour, we dined in a room hung with Persian rugs and silver relics of days when the Union Jack flew higher and wider than in 1954. Among the mementoes of a "desert" days was a trophy revealing that Boustead was once a featherweight boxing champion.

Outside the Residency, the Bedouin Levies mustered for the sunset ritual of lowering the flag. Some-where a bugle sounded "Retreat," and an Arab in scarlet headress lowered the Union Jack. Across the courtyard, the Sultan's banner was lowered—at a much slower cadence.

The bugle notes faded. The turquoise sky became black velvet studded with stars and a silvery full moon flooded the town, silent except for the surf and the distant chanting of a Muzzein calling the faithful to prayer.

We sat alone in the stately, ramshackle splendour, browsing through a library ranging from Shakespeare to D.H. Lawrence. Somewhere in the great room came a quick rustling, and a lizard ran up the wall. A

chill breeze stirred the hanging carpets and the animal skins scattered about as floor covering.

From the walls, the portraits of Kings and Queens, Sultans and Sheikhs looked down on us. Finally we retreated from their stern gazes as imposters from a modern age, and went to our indigo bedrooms to sleep.

Next morning we found the waterfront bustling under a blazing sun. Sweating Arabs were manhandling great sacks of rice imported from Pakistan on a gaudily painted ocean-going dhow.

A uniformed official of the Sultan's customs service diligently plunged a hollow-bladed stick into every bag, extracting a sample to make sure none of the rice bags contained contraband hashish.

Beyond the waterfront, Mukulla boasts a "Flooded Circus" ringed by traders' houses, where Indian and Arab merchants offer anything from Persian hookah tobacco to solid gold and silver decorative jewellery for the harem. The scene of the market place matched the sights and smells, for in Arabia it is not considered good manners to agree to a price without first giving the merchant the professional pleasure of lengthy haggling, done in the final stake over a cup of Mocha coffee.



Colonel Boustead, British Resident-Adviser at Mukulla.

Next to trade, the favourite topic of the market place is politics. Local politics were, always debated warmly and still are—the actions of the British resident, the Crown's efforts to form a federation of south Arabian states, and particularly politics as they relate to trade. But with the advent of radio, another kind of political consciousness came to the market place, which might be dated roughly to the time of the Palestine war. Politics no longer were primarily a matter of personalities with the advent of mass media. On this important change, the cause of Arab nationalism has thrived.

Permeating the whole market scene is the pungent smell of fish exposed to the grilling sun in the sprawling fish market, which is Mukulla's main industry.

In The Bazaar

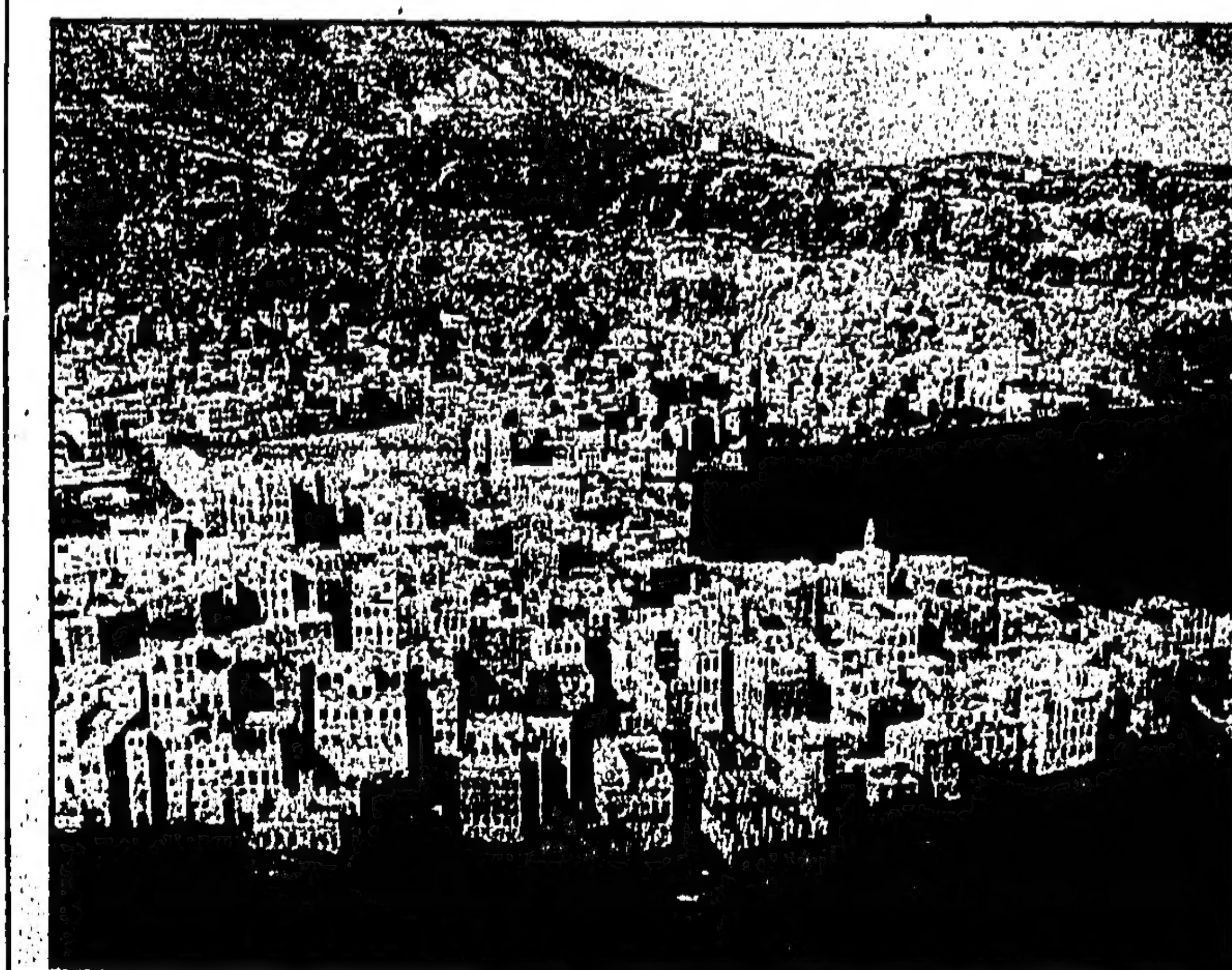
Everywhere we were plagued by countless flies, which seemed to have uniquely hot feet. Small children lagged along clamouring for "backsheesh." Jostling through the narrow alleyways of the bazaar, we saw types from the wealthy perfume merchant to the lowly indigo-dyed Bedouin, with indigo stained torso and a deadly gambol, or curved-sheath knife, at his waist.

It was an old Arab merchant who, with a vicious wink, explained the family-held Western legend that the veil protects the modesty of Arabian women.

"One woman is as another in black," he said, "and who can be sure it is not his own wife seen entering a strange house."

And there is evidence enough that the world's oldest profession is practised in this backwater seaport, where camel trains come from the desert to trade for razor blades and radios.

Here in Mukulla, things are not always what they seem. As we watched a squad of Hadramauti Levies march through the city gateway with fixed bayonets to take up guard posts along the walls, I thought that surely no one knows this better than Colonel Boustead in these days of the "white man's" waning rule. (Copyright: All Rights Reserved)



The modern Arab town of Mukulla, in Southern Arabia, is a surprise of skyscraper architecture in a land of palm huts and tents.

By Frank Robbins

clear the five and six story buildings which run to the water's edge.

The comparison ends on closer inspection, but

to see life in an isolated backwater of history. The city of 30,000 is almost as old as civilisation. It is ruled by a Sultan, Saleh bin Ghall, whose multi-coloured banner flies over an ornate palace, proclaiming him master of the state of Quatly. He rules with the consent and support of the British Crown.

Politically speaking, Mukulla's relations with the Crown appear to fit the pattern of Queen Victoria's reign more closely than that of the new Elizabethan age. The "white man's burden" of protecting Quatly is still carried on largely on the basis of personal relationships. And here Britain has a type of pro-consul from another era to do the job.

About 200 yards from the Sultan's palace is The Residency, Headquarters for

and Bertrand Russell. They started on a pretty philosophical level and I was completely baffled. I lost them halfway up in flight. I couldn't follow what they were saying. Talking in code, of course, they were. Their code:

Welles said: "But translated from their sphere what they were saying was: 'Did Joe DiMaggio hit a good home run?' or 'What did Liza Minnelli make in the last test?' You have to get the key to any conversation. Of course, good conversation died when women were liberated. The hostess is the death of conversation. In the nineteenth and eighteenth centuries there were the exchanges of ideas. Now it is all personalities. As soon as the hostess hears a really interesting idea in talk—like bull-fighting—I like bull-fighting."

THE two men agreed that women should never have been freed. "You see," said Welles, "all a hostess can say now is 'Let's play Canasta,' or 'Let's switch on the television.'"

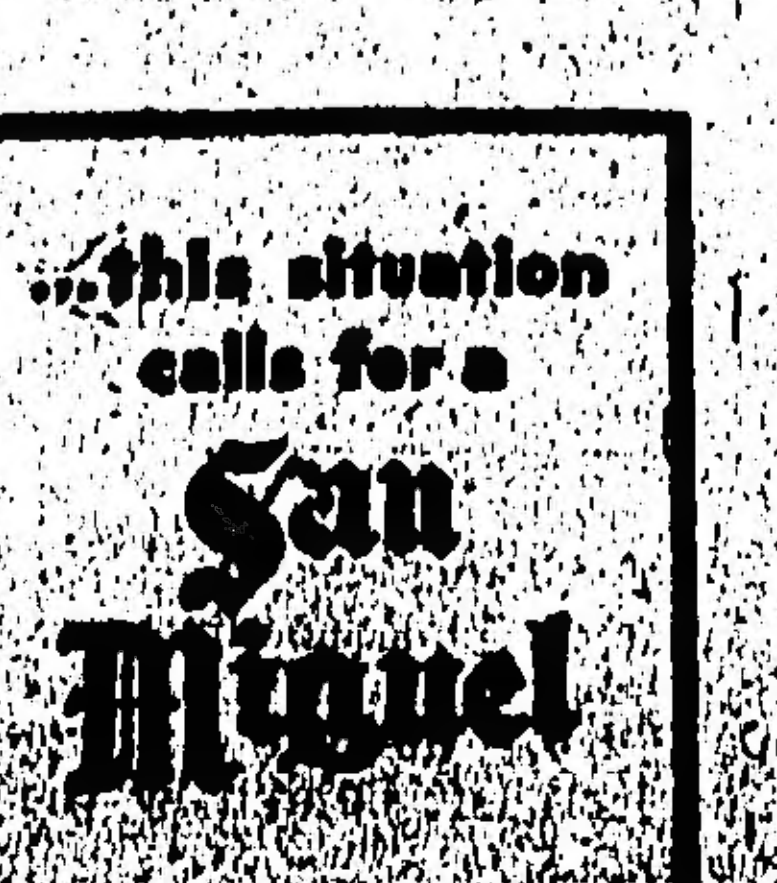
Huston said: "Then there are the wits at a dinner table. They kill conversation pretty successfully because they always feel the need to top anyone else's remark. Dinner and conversation with Oscar Wilde must have been hell."

Huston got up, put on a cloth cap, and said, "Well, kid, I'm off to work."

Orson Welles walked to the head of the untouched dinner table and said: "That's the craziest dinner party I've ever been to. No damned food."

And right on cue the waitress entered and said: "Soup, anyone?" (London Express Service)

JOHNNY HAZARD



BE MY GUEST

—where talk flows warmly at DAVID LEWIN's table

WE were in a private room at a country pub at Elstree. The table was set, paper napkins neatly rolled, and in the grate a coal fire blazed.

John Huston the film-maker and Orson Welles the actor gathered round the fire, drinks in hand. The idea was to have a leisurely dinner and some lively talk. It didn't work out quite that way.

Orson Welles was telling us about a film part in which he had a six-minute solo speech. He had done it well too, in one take without fluffing a line. I congratulated him and asked how long he had to prepare it.

"Like everything else I do, it took me 25 years," he said. Huston looked up from his glass of Scotch. "You stole that line, Orson, you stole it from Whistler. Whistler, the painter, said something like that."

I waited for Orson to explode. Instead, he grinned and asked: "When was that?"

"Well, Whistler had a small painting and asked a high price for it. He was asked how long it took him to paint, and he answered: 'All my life.'"

Auntie

ORSON said: "Yes, it's experience that counts. Your aunt taught me to act, John. Remarkable woman. Carrington, her name was. Margaret Carrington. I'd been around Europe, done some bull fighting, had a success on stage and I thought I'd go back to New York and really find out about acting."

"So I went to your aunt. She was a voice teacher. Only had one other pupil—John Barrymore. He had a raspy voice and was a cartoonist. She sat us both on the piano and gave us wonderful lessons."

Huston: "She was pretty rough."



David Lewin—he's in the centre—has as his guests today John Huston (left) and Orson Welles.

—but where three men somehow forget that dinners are meant to be eaten

Welles lit a cigar and filled his glass with champagne. "I hated her. She was wonderful. I was never so good as I was then."

His eyes suddenly opened wide and he cracked into a laugh. Huston picked up the story. "Margaret was one of the damndest women. She died a couple of years or so before the war. She was pretty ill before that and she called for me."

"John," she said, "the care of these doctors. I don't want to have anything to do with them. You fix up everything for me. She knew she was going to die and she didn't want to be bothered."

'When I die'

WELLES puffed at his cigar and said: "That's not the way I want to go out. When I die I want to know all about those last 40 minutes. I don't want any air hostess or anyone to cheat me of the last minutes by pulling at the pillows and trying to make me feel happy."

A waitress came in and suggested she serve the soup. The dinner was to be a simple one: soup, lamb chops, and fruit salad and a cream. No one seemed interested in soup. The waitress disappeared and Orson Welles was in the middle of another sentence.

When you do something bad in life it costs you more and you get lost out of it. Huston wanted to know what exactly he meant by that. "I mean that if you get a bad part and you crawl in the gutter, because you need the cash, some good guy who is much less great can do it so much better."

Huston: "It works like that with the poor. I have a bad subject, any mediocre director is better than I am—and I've

never been able to work out why."

Orson Welles rolled his cigar and took off his hiking-style jacket to relax more comfortably in his armchair.

The waitress considered the scene again and decided against serving the soup.

Chaplin

HUSTON and Welles were talking about a man—"Mel Somebody-or-other." ("Not the one who married Audrey Hepburn," they added)—who used to write gags for Charlie Chaplin.

He reminded Huston of a new Chaplin story. "He hates noise—this peace-loving guy. So he buys himself a place in Switzerland, and he loves it because it is so peaceful."

"He's such a man of peace he won a peace prize. So now he's moved in, and the house is right next to a firing range for the Swiss Army. All day and half the night the guns are going—whizzing shells."

"Chaplin, the man of peace, pretends it isn't happening, but everyone else is cowering and wishing they had steel helmets."

"And Chaplin tries to go on talking about the din."

Orson Welles cut in: "What do you mean, 'dinner'?" He goes right on talking. He always doesn't stop talking."

Huston suddenly had a thought. "Let's pour some more wine and then have dinner." Welles said: "Let's pour some more wine anyway."

So we did, and we talked about conversation. The only good conversation now was about "dinner," said Orson. Welles, that would mean hunting for Huston and bull-fighting for him. "Go, pole" or "show business."

Huston remembered the best conversation he had listened to in his life was between Sultan Husayn

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

EVENING DRESS IN
BRODERIE ANGLAISE

"Broderie" by Jeanne Lanvin, is an evening gown in broderie anglaise. It has a lowered waistline creating the long-torso look. The front part of the skirt is shorter than at the back.—Agence France-Press.

One-Size Stockings To
Revolutionise The
Hosiery Industry?

New York. THE hosiery industry is in for one of the biggest changes since nylon. New and headed for big promotion at hosiery counters are "stretch" stockings, nylons which come in one size yet fit any foot and leg. The term "stretch" isn't new to the clothing industry. For two years, men's socks made to fit any size foot have been on the market. Some manufacturers are making children's wear of a yarn which "grows" with the child. Two years ago, women's nylons with a stretch foot came to market in small quantities. But now, several companies are promoting stretch hosiery. Dozens of ads have shown in trade papers. One manufacturer

predicts women will make a major switch to this type of nylon in the current year. To explain this term, stretch is a little further: it is a patented process, according to William Williamson, president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers. The elasticity of the stocking comes from the method of twisting the nylon yarn, but it remains pure nylon. The manufacturers of the stretch hosiery claim it will fit better and is a blessing for the woman who has trouble finding proper fit in other nylons. Williamson said the stretch nylons now cost more than the others. Although they are not yet being made as widely as the traditional nylon, in appearance on the leg they look attractively sheer. —United Press.

The Model Girls Jump Into
Top-Salary Bracket

London. THERE is a crisis in the glamour world. And, as usual, it is financial. The top models are demanding more pay—and getting it.

In the old days just for looking beautiful in front of the cameras a girl could earn £2 2s. an hour, with £1 1s. extra for each additional hour. New rates for London's top 18 models are £3 3s. an hour and £3 3s. for each additional hour.

With this pay a model girl moves into the top salary class for women. If she works a 48-hour week she can earn more than £7,000 a year.

And there are the "perks" that go with the job as well: beautiful clothes at wholesale prices and the opportunity to buy models at knockdown cost; opportunities to travel, with all expenses paid; and, as the London model has become the new Gaiety Girl, there is always a chance of marrying money or title, and at least being invited to all the best parties.

GONE AWAY

Shortage of glamour is the key to these rising prices. A year ago there were about 24 top models available. Then, one by one, like the ten green bottles, they were nipped off.

Lovely blonde Barbara Miura and brunette Carol Anderson retired temporarily to have babies. Barbara Goalen married and developed other interests.

Fiona Campbell-Walter is leaving London to live in Germany with her family. Laura Parnell went home to Italy. Shelagh Wilson has a new job.

The remaining beauties work harder than ever, but make more money. To use one of the top models today it is necessary to book her services two weeks in advance.

But fashion photographers, irritated by the increased model fees, are making their own stipulations.

RETALIATION

One leading fashion photographer announced recently that in future he would expect all models to arrive 15 minutes before their booking time so that they could be ready made-up and dressed when their hour began.

"I am tired of them arriving late," he said, "and then spending 20 to 30 minutes getting ready for the picture."

Why are there so few top models to choose from when literally thousands of pretty girls each year take modelling courses? The answer is the same as for stage and film. The same reason: that Hollywood abounds with starlets, but has so few stars.

To reach the top a girl must possess half a dozen qualities. She must be beautiful, photogenic, have the right measurements, move gracefully, have a

sense of the dramatic when displaying clothes and combine a ladylike look with allure. Too few girls can fulfil these stringent requirements. And life for the model girl who does not make the top grade can be tough.

If she lands a job in a small dress house she will be lucky to make more than £8 weekly when she's 20. While in her teens she'll average £6 a week. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED

—(London Express Service)

Novel Way With Cape



Jean Des presents this smart two-piece ensemble of grey tweed skirt and cape. The cape is worn like a shawl, over a black blouse.—Agence France-Press.

PLAIN BORAX REMOVES
DRINK SPOTS

Washington, Md. shows that borax or boric acid will make harmless the sugars in beverages which make brown stains when subjected to heat.

Research at The National Institute of Dry Cleaning laboratories in Silver Spring,

These sugars, called "reducing sugars" by chemists, are contained in the cocktails, fruit juices, beer, soft drinks and wines.

The institute says an effective solution for home use is to put as much borax as will dissolve in half a glass of water and apply generously on the affected area. As long as contact with water will not harm the garment, this method is fairly safe because the solution is so mildly alkaline that it will affect few colours. The boric acid used for eye washes also is effective.—United Press.

Eileen Ascroft examines the question—

What IS
The
Glamour
Secret?

ONE of the few glamorous women in the world has arrived in London... Soraya of Persia, the Queen who looks like a film star.

What makes for glamour in a woman and why is it so rare today?

IT IS NOT just physical beauty—but rather an illusion of beauty and grace. Many classic beauties are notorious bores.

IT IS NOT just sex appeal. Something far more restrained and veiled than displayed by Miss Dora and Miss Monroe.

IT IS NOT a question of brains—but rather the kind of intelligence that has proved a diplomatic asset to women like Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce.

IT IS NOTHING to do with 'natural' simplicity. The lady-like Grace Kelly style may be the current fashion, but to me it is uninspiring, like a bread and butter diet.

It is partly vitality, but not the bursting animal high spirits of Judy Garland or Betty Hutton.

VEILED MYSTERY

There are other intriguing qualities that together add up to the rare feminine art of glamour. "Expressive" eyes, a low, soft voice, a smile that includes the mouth, unruffled poise, sincerity, humanity, a fiery temperament, well under control, and movements that flow and never jar.

Greta Garbo had real glamour, not the Hollywoodinsel version, but a magic that captivated men and women alike. Marlene Dietrich, too, and Ava Gardner, the American film star who looks so much like Queen Soraya.

You do not find these three stars drawing aside the veil of mystery to talk of everyday problems like shopping and changing baby nappies. What a mistake the modern actress makes when she destroys our illusions by revealing how ordinary are her life and problems.

Who are the other women of our times with real glamour? Lady Diana Cooper has been a glamorous personality all her life. The Duchess of Kent acquired it after her marriage; Margaret Fonteyn is undoubtedly the most glamorous figure behind the footlights today.

The three lovely Clifford sisters, Mrs Timothy Jones, Lady Norwich and Atalanta Clifford to share the secret, so does one of London's popular hostesses, Mrs Susan Ward.

Several of the top-flight models have glamour, too. Among them I would put Maria Soraya, Fiona Campbell-Walter, Anne Gunning and the lovely French girl, Ellette Mouret.



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EYE-CATCHING FASHION
ITEMS FOR SPRING

London. WITH the end-of-season sales over, London shops are getting ready for spring. They are gay and bright, and these are some of the things that catch the eye:

The JUMPER SUIT—back again, though in such a fashion-conscious way that you might not recognise it in its former homely self. Shown by all the top designers recently, it is now being copied in the ready-to-wear ranges.

The jacket neckline is either crisp tailored rovers or a casual cutaway circle. The skirt is either straight or has flat, all-round box pleats giving the illusion of straightness, both the right partner for the long jumper top.

The jumper suit can be made of pure silk or of white terylene, now being used for the first time for suits. And if you think that white may not be the most practical choice for town wear, then listen to what the makers have to say. Terylene, it is claimed, is a thing of the future. It is ready for wear first thing in the morning, and its pleats will need no ironing.

The COAT which has come to town this week is the straight, round, shouldered, and three-quarter sleeved, in bright coloured felt—shocking pink, kingfisher blue or aquamarine. Its wide, scooped out neckline edged with a "peter pan" collar is the right style for the short-necked girls. They have been swayed by the show and "polo" collars...

The HAT they are all buying is the baker boy hat, mounted on a stiffened brim, peaked at the front. In velvet in a variety of colours—including kingfisher blue and cyclamen—it has been the best selling style during the last few months because it seems to suit any hairstyle and all occasions. Now its makers hope to extend its run by selling it in strawcloth, for teeming with cotton and dresses.

The STOCKINGS they are looking are practical as well as pretty. Practical, because they have devices to give them longer life. One firm has produced stockings with "elastic feet" to "give" as you walk. Another firm puts rings round the top and "kicks" to prevent ladders. These things are signs of a new, not-too-fanciful idea. They stop a ladder which starts in the toe or heel from running further.

Pretty, because they have appeared in a whole new range of shades. These vary from a bluish-grey for wear with black, to a rich brown for wear with almond green. Twilight was a smoky brown with a faint blue mist tone. Delight was a bronze shade for wear with dark colours.

The HAIR and COSMETIC people are in the news, too. At the hairdressers, the talk is all of tinting. "Try a new colour for the spring," is their slogan, and the one they plump for is red. In all its copper, autumn shades, though they don't recommend this change for the pink-and-white complexions. For them they suggest dappled effects, and the favourite is ash blonde streaks on mousey hair. To persuade the waverers who may not want to commit themselves indefinitely to a new colour, they have devised the semi-permanent colour rinse which washes out after three shampoos, leaving no trace behind it.

The cosmetic people have brought out a new lipstick shade—pinkish light, called "Spring Kiss"—and a new eye shadow, called "Spring Kiss" and "Spring Kiss". They are also bringing out a new eye shadow, called "Spring Kiss" and "Spring Kiss".



A new version of the jumper suit in white terylene. The blouse-backed top, with pleats gathered into the hip band, partners a straight skirt.

Household Hint

Remove paper stuck to wood by soaking it with a few drops of oil and rubbing gently with a clean cloth.

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and my family!

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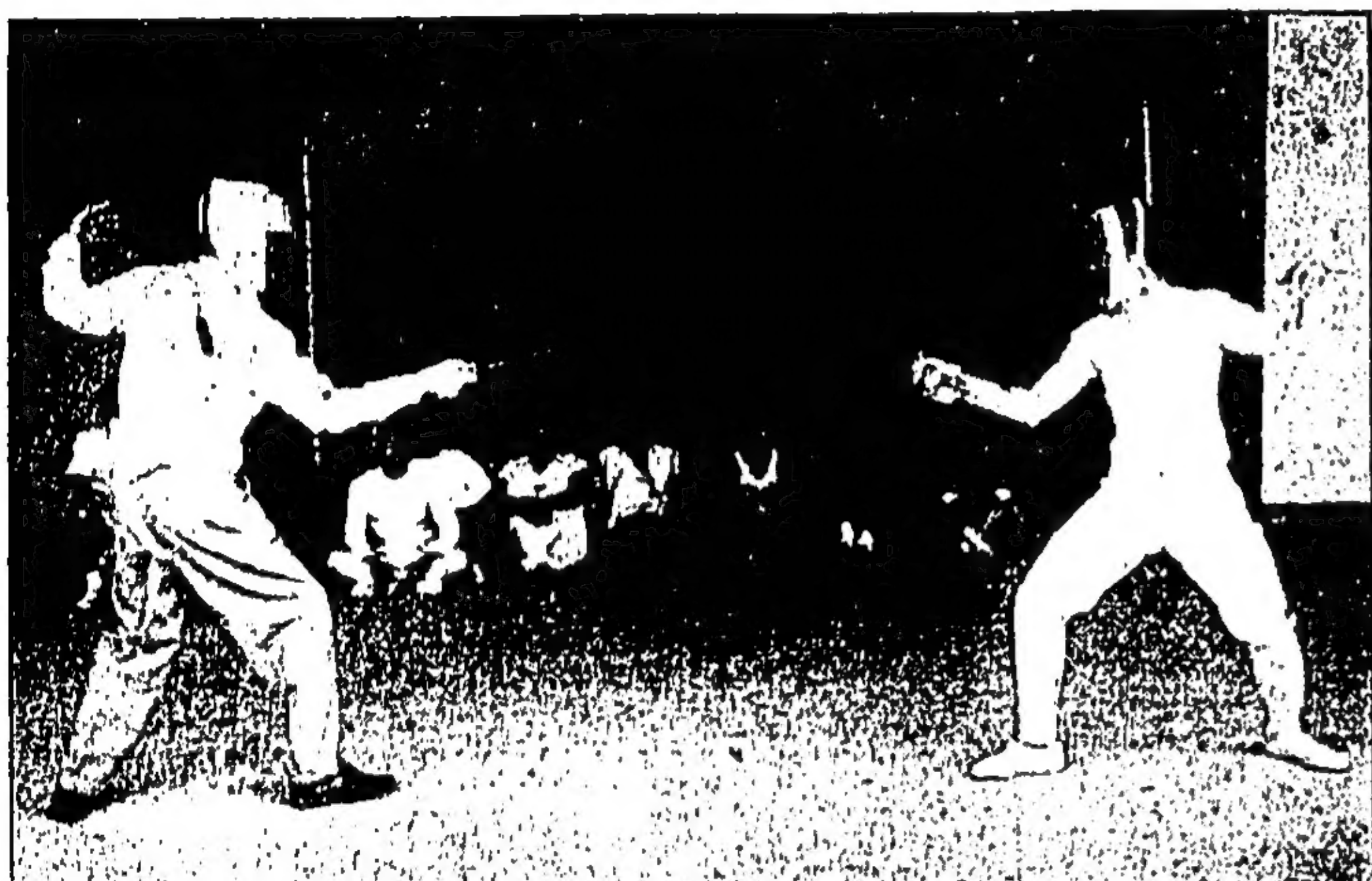




HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, getting into his car at Kai Tak on his return from the Singapore conference of British Governors, Administrators and Ambassadors. (Staff Photographer)



2/LT O. W. HUGHES extracting the centre of an outside leak before completing the ceremony of eating the leak at St David's Ball, held at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club last Tuesday. Major L. T. H. Phelps, President of St David's Society, is holding the silver. (Staff Photographer)



FENCING is becoming immensely popular in Hongkong. Mr B. Ozorio, of the Hongkong Sword Club, and Mr R. Lynn, of the Chinese Fencing Club, are snapped practising at Wah Yan College last week-end. (Staff Photographer)



JEAN RAYMOND, one of the principal dancers in the Rotary Ballet, to be presented at the Empire Theatre next Tuesday.



SCENE at the jumble sale held at St John's Cathedral Hall last Tuesday to raise funds for the Girl Guides Association. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. R. Todd, Mrs K. L. Ho, Mrs Todd and Mr Leo Waitong pictured at the Chinese Recreation Club dinner dance. Mrs. Todd presented prizes during the evening. (King's)



QUEEN'S COLLEGE footballers who last Sunday won the senior inter-schools soccer championship. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mrs E. S. Kirby, Mrs M. D. A. Clinton, Prof. L. Dudley Stamp and Miss Daphne Ho. Picture was taken at the dinner given at the Peking Restaurant by former students of the London School of Economics in honour of Prof. Stamp, who is Professor of Social Geography at the School. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Scouts of the 12th Kowloon (Christ Church) Troop having a good time at a party last Saturday celebrating the third anniversary of the re-founding of the Troop. (Staff Photographer)

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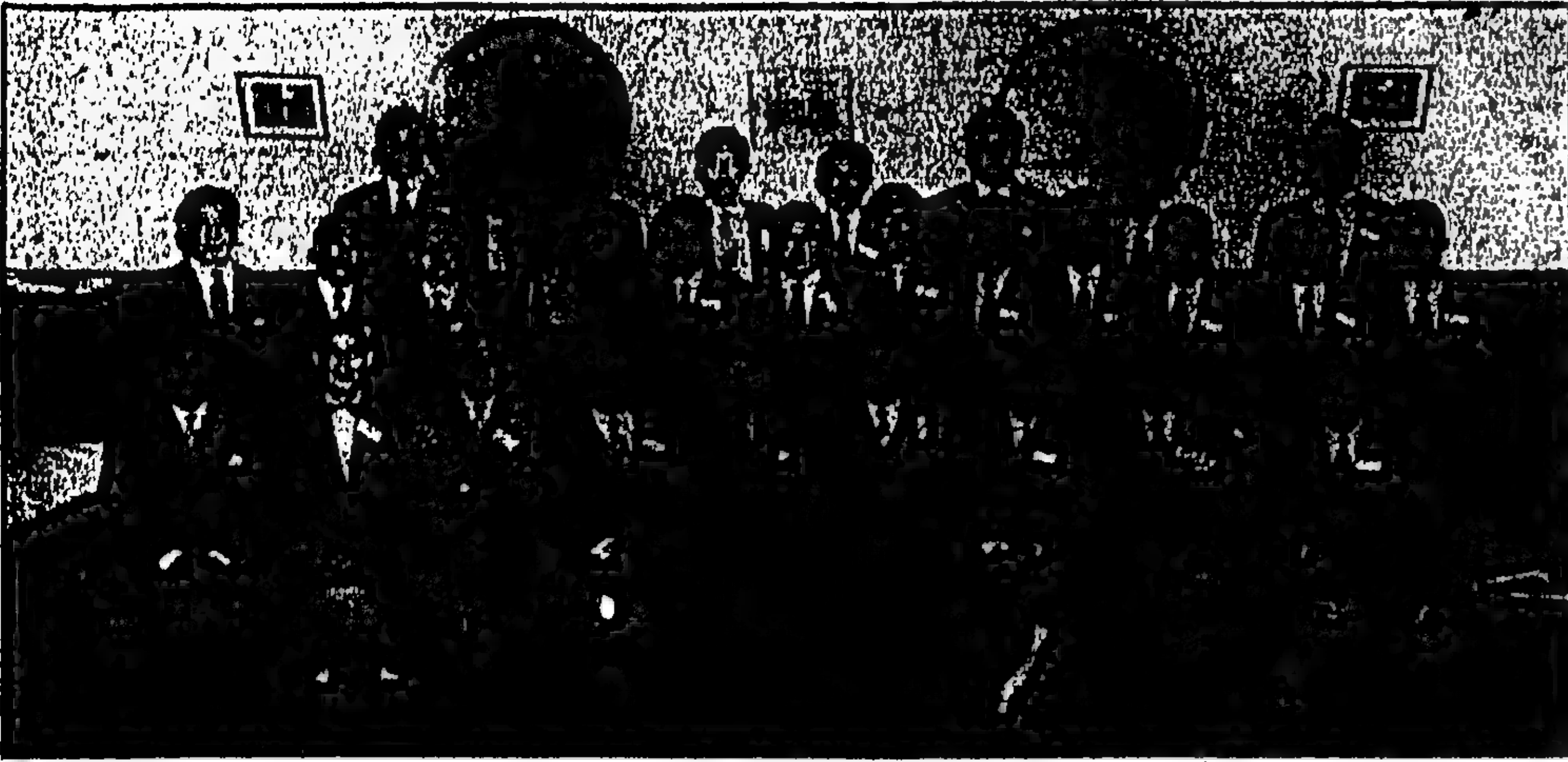
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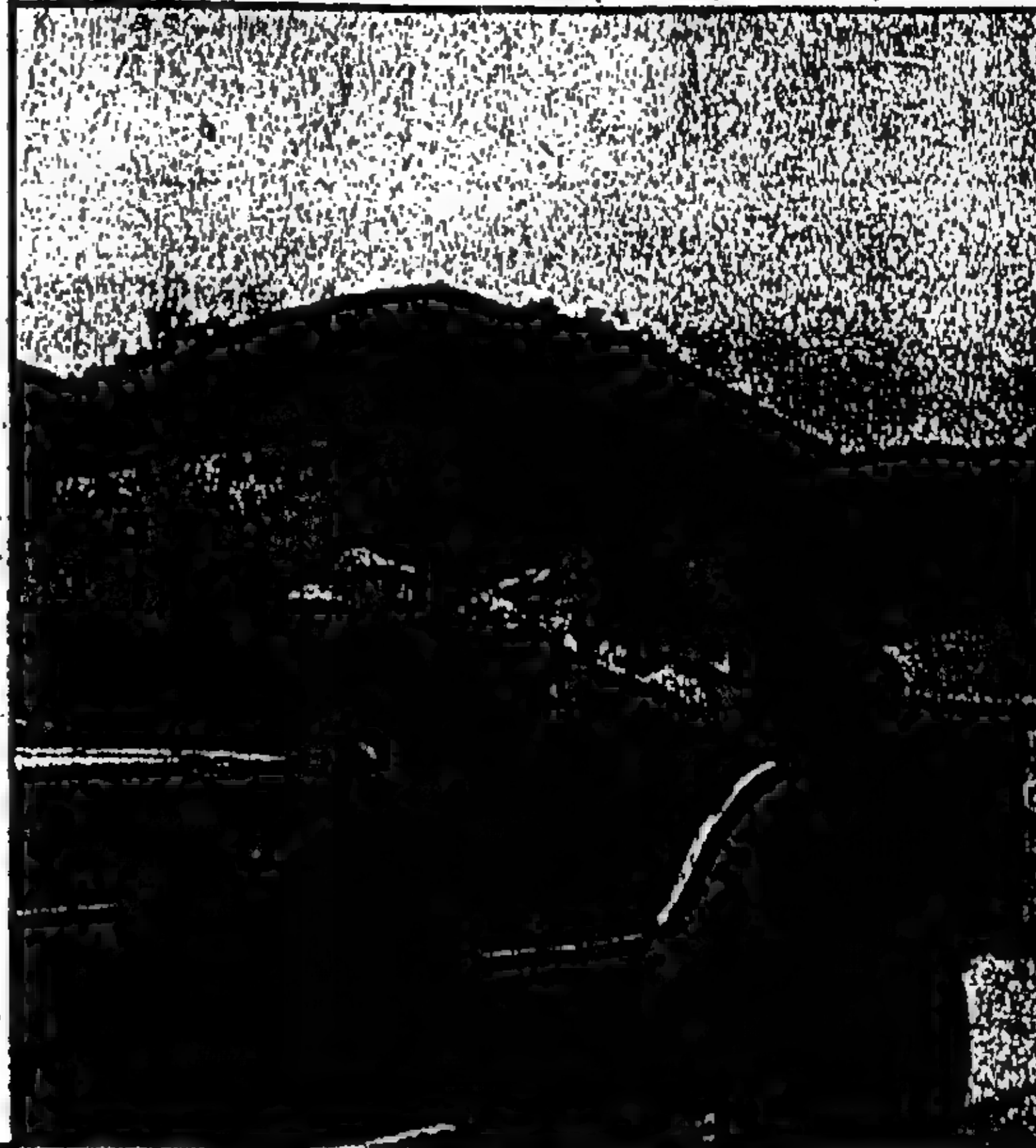
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ALUMNI of the Anglo-Chinese School of Singapore who attended the annual Founders' Day reunion dinner held at the Chong San Club. (Staff Photographer)



LAST Sunday's christening at St John's Cathedral of Simon Charles Ian, son of Mr and Mrs Duncan Fraser. (C.K. Pang)



ADJUDGED Best Dog of Show at the Hongkong Kennel Club's annual show last Sunday: Dr E. Vio's Afghan hound, Zanara of Carloway. (Staff Photographer)



WEAPONS carriers getting into position as the attacking "Blueand" forces advance during the Combined Services exercise, "Deep Thrust." In picture at the top, the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gon. C. S. Sugden, is seen driving a jeep to inspect positions. (Staff Photographer)



MR J. P. de Carvalho, Colony chess champion, receiving the championship trophy from Mrs. K. M. A. Barnett at the annual dinner of the Kowloon Chess Club. (Willie's)



MR S. Y. Johnson Ma, whose entry, "Don't Be Afraid," won first prize at the second Students' Salon of Pictorial Photography, receiving his prize from Prof. F. E. Stock. (Staff Photographer)

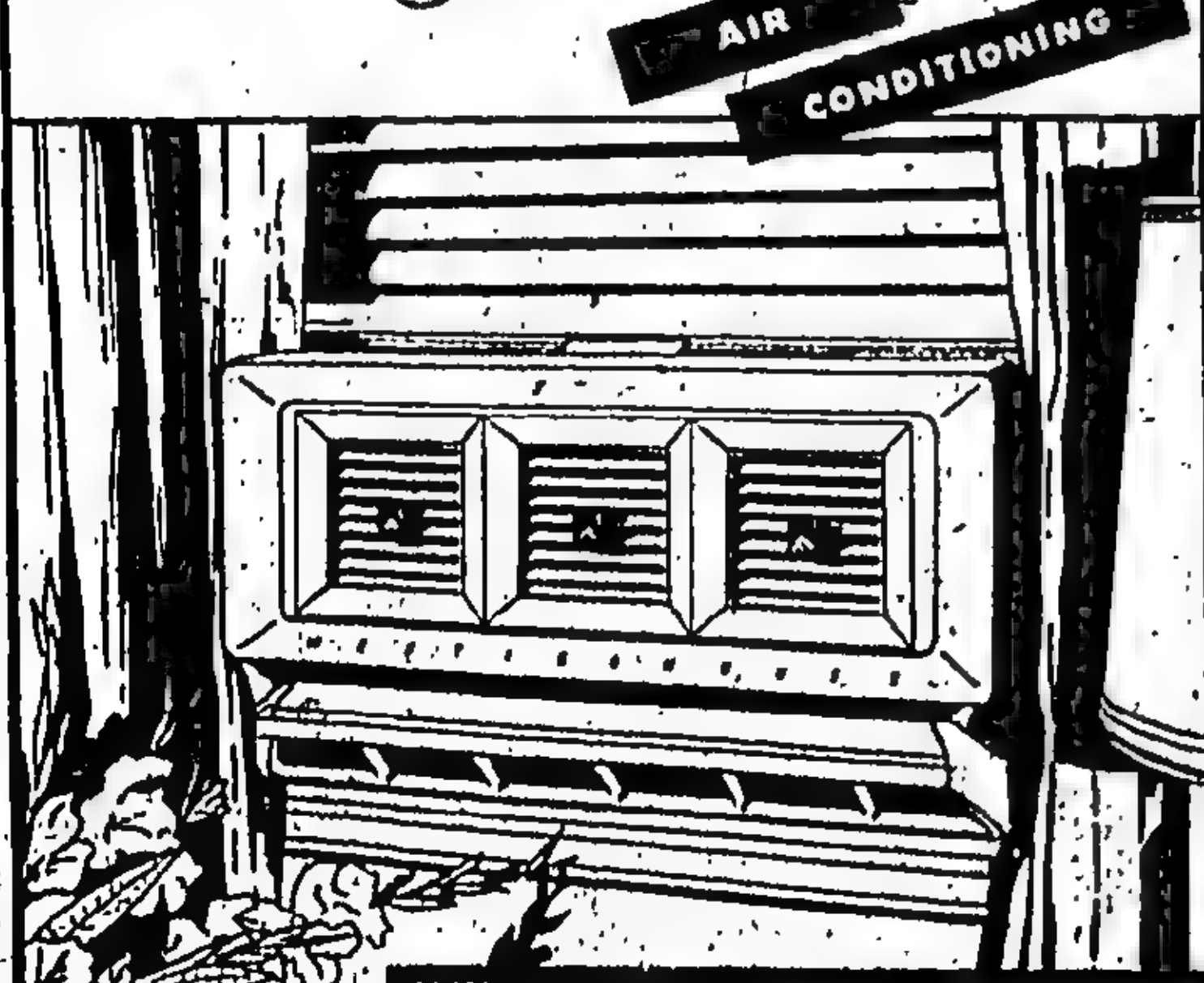


MR Carlos P. Garcia, Vice-President of the Philippines (third from right, front row), and other members of the Philippine delegation to the SEATO conference at Bangkok, greeted at Kai Tak on their homeward trip by the Philippine Consul, Mr F. F. Llamas, who is standing third from left. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. B. Black in conversation with Dr and Mrs F. I. Tseung at the Rotary Golden Jubilee banquet held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)

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LEFT: Two Japanese film actresses, Ineko Arima and Keiko Kishi, who arrived here last Saturday to film scenes of two pictures here. Right: Chinese stars Lin Dal and Yen Tsen, who will play with them in the films, entitled "Hongkong Tokyo Honeymoon" and "The Killa." (Staff Photographer)

AQUASCUTUM
RAINCOATS

IN TROPICAL AND MEDIUM
WEIGHT. SELF LINED TO
ENSURE EXTRA PROTECTION.



MACKINTOSH'S

ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VOIEUX ROAD

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

BOOKS . . . by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

Giovanni wrote a book for women

—and the quarrels are still going on

The Decameron. By Giovanni Boccaccio. Everyman's Library. 2 vol. 6s. each. 680 pages.

IN July 1954 Swindon magistrates ordered a copy of Boccaccio's Decameron to be burned as obscene. Wiltshire Quarter Sessions reversed the decision.

Five months later the BBC decided to offer this Italian classic to its Third Programme audience. Thus, after 600 years, the Decameron became once more a subject of controversy.

There have always been doubts about the book, which is a series of stories of the most varied characters presenting a panorama of Italian life in Boccaccio's day, complete with naughty wives, foolish husbands, rascally monks and dishonest friars.

On The Index

Often a favourite book of prelates and statesmen, it was put on the Index by the Roman Catholic Church 200 years after Boccaccio wrote it. The Church objected to the anti-clericalism of the stories rather than to their licentious nature.

As a young man, Boccaccio would have made fun of the Swindon magistrates. When someone says in the Decameron that his stories are great art, his answer is: "Who does not know that wine, enough excellent for people in health, is harmful unto one who has the fever? Shall we say, then, because it hinders the fever that it is evil? As seemingly words do not profit a depraved mind, so those that are not seemly do not avail to corrupt the well-disposed."

Boccaccio, in later life, was thoroughly ashamed of his stories and afraid they might stand between him and salvation.

A monk had told him solemnly that he had not long to live and had better give up his profane attachment to literature. Boccaccio, a man of his century, was so scared that

he contemplated destroying all his books.

Two Grievances

Latterly, then, Boccaccio would certainly have shuddered at the prospect of the BBC broadcasting the Decameron.

He was born in Paris, son of an Italian banker and Joan de la Roche, a French widow. Boccaccio went through life with two grievances against his father. He tried to make Boccaccio a business man like himself and he never got round to marrying Boccaccio's mother. "If only my father had given me a proper education," he complained, "I might have become a great poet."

When his father sent him to work in a counting house of a business friend in Naples, young Boccaccio spent most of his time darning about the gay Neapolitan court. He was talkative, good-looking and flirtatious.

Inspiration

In church one Holy Saturday he fell in love with a beautiful young married woman, illegitimate daughter of the Neapolitan king. She was named Maria d'Aquino; Boccaccio made her famous as Flammetta.

He became her lover by hiding in her bed curtains and threatening suicide when she affected the role of virtuous wife. But very soon he found that Flammetta had no more intention of being faithful to him than to her husband.

He consoled himself by composing three books, all inspired by this disastrous love affair. About the same time his father went bankrupt thanks to the failure of the English King, Edward III, to pay his Italian creditors; he asked Boccaccio how he proposed to support himself. "Like Virgil," came the

irritating reply. In fact Boccaccio kept himself, a mistress (whom he did not get round to marrying) and five children by literary hack-work—e.g. as a war correspondent.

Then when he was 35, the Black Death swept over Europe; three out of five people died in Florence; grass grew in the streets. Flammetta died; Boccaccio got the idea of the Decameron.

Seven beautiful women and three young men flee from Florence during the plague to a villa with a beautiful garden. To keep away boredom, it is agreed that each in turn will tell a story every day. On Friday and Saturday there will be religious duties; Saturday, because of the unsanctioned ladies to wash their heads and to do away all dirt and uncleanness. This is the plan of the Decameron.

Nothing New

Exactly 100 stories are told. Not one of them is original. Boccaccio, like Shakespeare, did not trouble to invent. The main theme is love tragic or comic.

There is no austere moral purpose; blame is reserved for those who are feminine in love or for women who refuse to yield to men's smiles by their beauty.

The Decameron was the first book written primarily for women readers.

It is a wonderful, upedifying mirror of Boccaccio's time and temperament (before his conversion). There will always be more influence; probably there will always be parts of it which, in English versions, remain delectably wrapped in Boccaccio's Italian.

The Everyman edition comes nearest to a complete English translation for general circulation. It was first published, 1930 (60,000 copies sold); in a larger form, 1953.

Boccaccio in later life became fat, melancholy, pious and sensitive to his moral reputation. The lover of Flammetta turned into a misogynist. He left his books to a monk, his vast collection of holy relics to a convent, and the Decameron to mankind and the Third Programme.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

WHAT IS THE LAW? Can a condemned man, who slays his wife, be tried for murder? Can a woman taken in adultery with the private detective be accused of misconduct? These are two questions to be debated soon by 12 French law students before the Paris Faculty of Law conference.

On the two questions three students will be appointed for the defence and three for the prosecution before an audience of 200 students.

The defenders of the hypothetical man who slays his own executioner will claim that the condemned man knew that the executioner was about to kill him, that he therefore acted in legitimate self-defence. The defenders of the woman taken in adultery will claim that the detective was acting in conjunction with the husband, and that his report to the court cannot therefore be considered as evidence.

Twelve professors of law at the University of Paris will form a jury to judge both cases and to decide whether the new raw young French law students have won their honours to the Paris Bar.

ECONOMY TEAPOT A British inventor has produced a teapot which he claims will cut tea consumption by 40 percent.

The pot, designed by 84-year-old Alex Small, has a small chamber behind the spout. Into the chamber goes a "cartridge" loaded with tea leaves.

When water nears the boiling point, steam enters the cartridge and the essence from the infused leaves mingles with the water as the tea is poured. There is a control lever marked "weak" and "strong" so that each cup can be poured exactly to the strength required.

The idea enables the same leaves to be used several times because they have not been "steeped" and so do not acquire a stale taste.

ADVICE TO FLIRTS Advice to Italian beach-bathers in Britain with an eye for pretty girls has been offered by a Milan newspaper.

The paper, the *Corriere d'Informazioni*, with the city's largest evening circulation, warns:

"If you are handsome and go to Britain never discuss matrimony with local girls. It is very dangerous. British girls are highly skilled in bringing actions of breach of promise. If they

get you to give them a ring, advise the paper: 'Flirting in Britain is safe only if you plan it as carefully as you would the theft of a secret military paper. You must work quickly and be sure you cannot be identified or followed.'

TIES In Salisbury (Southern Rhodesia) bars these days, the usual order is a "scotch and tie please".

Barkeepers, conscious of the fine old British colonial traditions which are dying out under the influence of Central Africa's rough-and-ready pioneers, have issued orders that "trousers, ties and jackets" must be worn after 6 p.m. Actually, things aren't so bad as the order makes them sound. Few men forget to put on their trousers. But many do show up in shorts and, of course, without ties.

Now the bars are issuing ties with the drinks. The ties are free so far. But barmen say losses are heavy.

UNIFORM OR NOT? A 70-ton statue of an ancient history has raised again the question whether British troops from the Canal Zone can enter Cairo in uniform.

The Egyptian Government wanted to move the statue of Ramses II from its 5,000-year resting place on the site of Egypt's one-time capital of Memphis to Cairo for placing in Central Station Square.

The British Army was asked to provide a tank transporter for the job. The Army agreed but insisted that the accompanying troops be in uniform as they would be on duty.

The Egyptians would not budge from the stand taken up when the Suez Treaty was signed.

SHE'S TOO BEAUTIFUL Extra police were called out to control hundreds of women crowding around 41-year-old Big Bill Thompson's fish shop, hoping to catch a glimpse of the bride who was too beautiful to get a job.

The bride is Gertrude Broda, from Vienna. A storm has raged around her since she was refused a job in Britain four years ago because she was "too beautiful." That was the reason given by a British agency which refused to find her employment after looking at her photos. They feared British girls couldn't stand up to the competition.

Bill wooed her and won her by post, and now that visa restrictions are lifted between Britain and Austria, Gertrude has finally joined him.

Meanwhile, shy Bill refuses to say anything.

RIOTS IN OXFORD Oxford University has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the Town and Gown Riots—a medieval flare-up between scholars and townsfolk which ended with 40 scholars dead in the streets.

It was quite a day, that February 10, 1355. St. Nicholas's Day—the day the riots started.

The trouble started at the Swynemore Tavern at Carfax (an Oxford suburb). Two university clerks, Roger de Chesterfield, Walter de Springhouse and some friends started arguing with the tavern keeper, John de Croydon, about the quality of his wine.

The argument got heated. The boys threw a tankard at John de Croydon, hitting him on the head.

Whereupon, according to the history books, the bruised John de Croydon "receded with great passion."

Actually he went straight away to the mayor. Tempers got easily frayed in those days and the mayor called the town to battle. The citizens rapped the countryside calling on their friends to hunt the scholars, and they advanced on the university, crying "Havoc, havoc, slay, slay!"

The battle raged for three days and three nights. Shocked by the killings, the nation deprived both the town and the university of rights until June 1355 when a new charter gave the chancellor of the university such power that he virtually controlled the town.

From then until 1825—470 years—the mayor and 60 citizens of Oxford were forced to do penance by paying pennies each year.

That year the university "graciously remitted" the penance—which meant the mayor and citizens could stop paying.

HOT RIVER Canadian and British engineers are working on a plan to pump the St. Lawrence River full of hot water.

The idea is not to make a new Riviera paradise. It is simply a plan to keep Canada's bustling port of Montreal open to shipping all the year round.

And it is not going to be nearly as difficult as you would think.

Lake Ontario is warm at the bottom. So warm that the vast inland waters never freeze over completely, no matter how cold the winter.

The engineers plan to pump water from the lake bottom into canals at the entrance to the lake. The canals connect with St. Lawrence.

And it will not take a great deal of the warm water to raise the canal and river temperatures enough to keep heavy ice from forming.

If the plan comes off, it will mean that much of the great inland waterway which will be opened when the St. Lawrence Seaway project comes to fruition will be open all the year round. It will also save shippers and passengers millions of dollars a year—the money is lost by the need to divert ships from Montreal to the East Coast port of Halifax during the winter months.

BETRAYED BY SCAR A scar on his left cheek made by an angry husband has betrayed a 29-year-old bogus French priest who collected hundreds of pounds "for the poor."

Such a gash looked most unpriestly, thought a woman who opened her door to him. So she told the police.

They found that "Father" Gilbert Lacasse had collected large sums of money, and indeed delivered them to the Noisy-le-Grand Poor People's "City of Mercy" near Paris.

But delving further, they found he had neither given up money given him, nor had he been ordained.

Faced with the facts, Lacasse broke down. He had spent the money on the 20-year-old wife of one of the poor people at Noisy. The husband saw me with her once and that's how I got the scar on my cheek," he confessed.

SWIM IN NOW you can swim in the Kalahari Desert. The desert, which is one of the most arid in the world, covers much of Bechuanaland. Since January 1, it has had more than 25 inches of rain—four inches more than the average total for a whole year.

The sand has become so saturated that it will no longer absorb water, turning the whole desert into a "swimming pool" of water lakes.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just Natural Talent

BY HARRY WEINERT



IT COMES NATURAL TO SOME OF THEM TO CHOOSE THE WRONG TYPE OF HAT



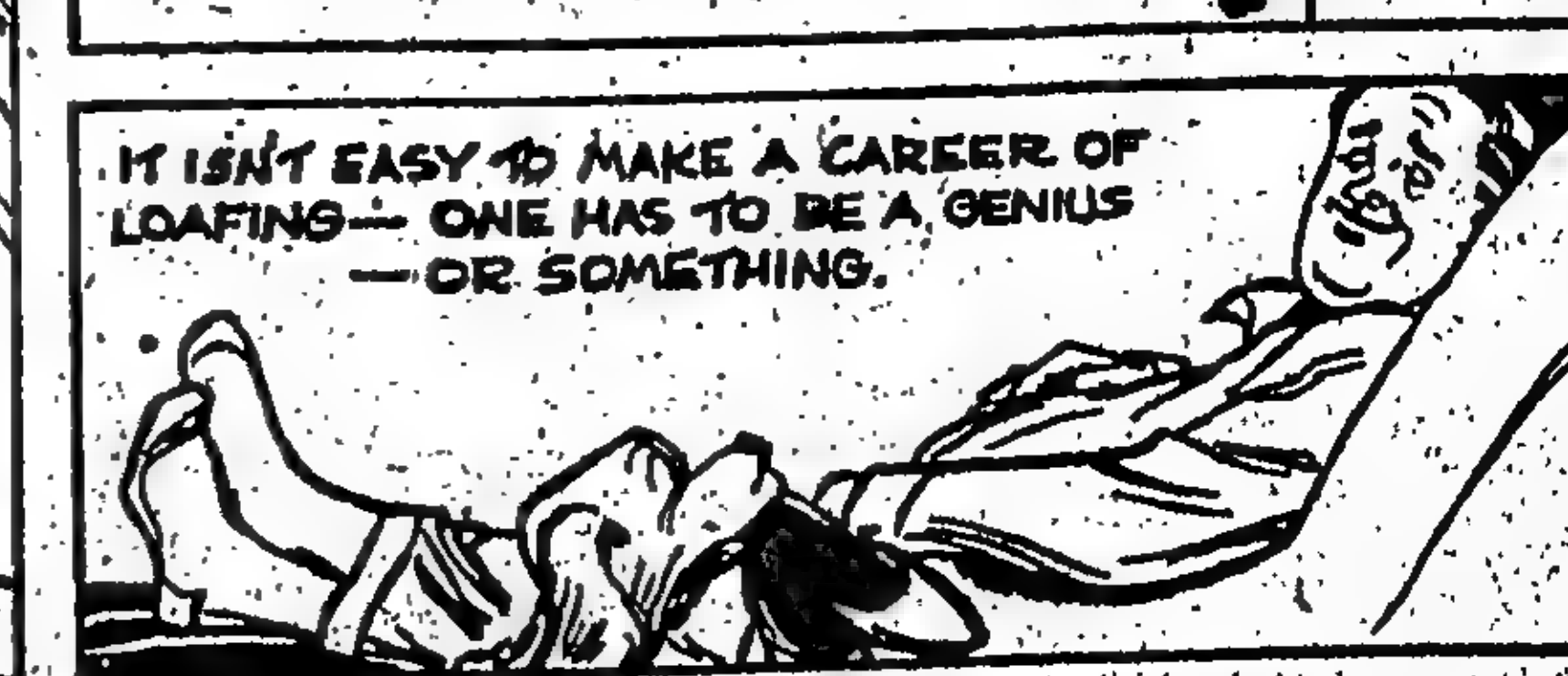
HE LOVES CORNED BEEF - ME, I WOULDN'T CARE IF I NEVER SAW THE STUFF



WITH SOME, PUBLIC SPEAKING COMES NATURALLY - LIKE UNBALANCING THE CHECK BOOK



SOME HUSBANDS ARE BORN WITH SOCIAL GIFTS AND MAKE REALLY TALENTED PASSERS



YOUR HAIR LOOKS WONDERFUL! WHERE DID YOU GET IT DYED? THE NATURAL BORN NEEDLE

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

A Welcome Home To Princess Margaret

Princess Margaret has now returned to London after her extensive and successful tour of the West Indies, and on Tuesday a Luncheon will be given in her honour by the Lord Mayor of London and the Corporation. Speeches of welcome will be made to Princess Margaret and a commentary on the proceedings by Audrey Russell will be relayed from the B.B.C. at 10.30 on Tuesday evening.

A rubber plantation in Malaya is the setting of the murder mystery which can be heard in Wednesday Theatre this week at 9.15. Called "A Quiet Evening", by S. Baillie Reynolds, the story revolves round the discovery of the dead body of a planter - was his death caused by suicide, murder, or terrorists? The cast includes John Wallace, Faith Butler, and Bill Phillips, and it was produced by Margaret Denholm.

Monday's programme, which is to be broadcast at 8 p.m. instead of 7.30, includes a talk on the American Classic Car by Mrs Paul Luthy; a talk about motoring on the continent by a keen woman motorist; Bob Harper's motor-quiz, and a new departure in motoring broadcasting, a road report on a new car.

Each month the team of writers, three men and one woman, will test a different car, and their opinions will be combined in a single report. This month the team tested the Austin A 30 Cambridge. Listen on Monday at 8 p.m. for their report. This programme is edited and introduced by Timothy Birch.

THE WEEK'S SPORT

Racing: The Cheltenham Gold Cup, one of the most important and popular National Hunt steeplechases of the season, will be run on Thursday. A commentary on the race by Raymond Glendinning and Michael O'Hehir will be broadcast from the BBC by Radio Hongkong at 11.15 p.m.

Boxing: On Wednesday, at a quarter to nine, boxing fans can hear an edited commentary by Edmund Andrews on the European Flyweight Championship fight between Nazareno Giannelli of Italy and Dai Dower, of Wales. There will also be inter-round summaries by W. Barrington Dalby, and the commentators will be relayed from the General Overseas Services of the BBC.

MUSIC

There will be a recital by Clifford Wilkes, clarinet, on Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock from the Concert Hall. The recital will comprise two works - "Phantasy Suite Opus 91" by Thomas Dunhill, and "Meditation by Reginald Hunt, and the piano accompaniment will be by Isolda Ahwae.

"I'VE HAD AN IDEA"

Don't you ever think of some wonderful labour-saving gadget, and wonder how you could spread the good news - probably? When you've heard the BBC programme, "I've Had An Idea", on Tuesday evening at half past nine - if you've another of those brilliant notions, you'll know just what to do about it.

This programme, you see, tells you all about patenting inventions, and, by the way, you'll pick up lots of little fascinating tips such as how to prevent moisture running down your wrists when eating crayfish! This programme is written by Cynthia Mason and produced by R.D. Smith.

RECORD REVIEW

John Maclean is now going to present the fortnightly programme, "Record Review", and can be heard at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening. The programme is, as its name implies, a review of the new classical music recordings available in the Colony.

Today

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 8.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band.)

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.
7.25 NEWS.
7.30 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.00 MUSIC.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
10.00 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
10.05 MUSIC.
10.10 TIME SIGNAL.
10.15 NEWS.
10.20 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.25 MUSIC.
10.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Ferdinand

By S. Baillie Reynolds

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.05 MUSIC.

10.10 TIME SIGNAL.

10.15 NEWS.

10.20 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.25 MUSIC.

10.30 CLOSE DOWN.

10.35 MUSIC.

10.40 TIME SIGNAL.

10.45 NEWS.

10.50 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.55 MUSIC.

11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

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11.55 MUSIC.

12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

12.05 MUSIC.

12.10 TIME SIGNAL.

12.15 NEWS.

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5.10 TIME SIGNAL.

5.15 NEWS.

Wanted — A Captain For The British Rugger Team To Tour South Africa

The four Home Rugby Unions, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, have submitted their final nominations for the British team to tour South Africa this summer. Now the International Board in Dublin must cut the list to thirty—the number needed for the trip.

But the prime task facing the four selectors—one from each Union—for their meeting on March 18 is to choose a captain. No country, I understand, has yet suggested a possible.

Where is the difficulty? Why is this coveted role so hard to cast?

One of the biggest problems is the lack of an eligible player with practical experience of the conditions the team will meet. Conditions such as the Transvaal's high altitude, which makes breathing a full-time job for newcomers, and the bone hard pitches. This will play havoc with the English team and double the captain's worries.

Britain must look to a player who is adaptable, has sound knowledge of the game and, perhaps most important of all, a born leader. A paragon of the game, a player who has been a captain in his own country and who has been a captain in his own country and who has been a captain in his own country.

Dr. Jack Kyle of Ireland and England's Nino Hall would have almost filled the bill but both have been dropped by their countries and are unlikely even to make the trip.

ENGLAND OR WALES

As I see it, the selectors will look either to England or Wales. The last tour of 1938 was led by an Irishman and the present side is being managed by another. J. E. Sugrue, capped 23 times for Ireland between 1931-37. So the Irish seem to be out. Rugby protocol demands that honours should be shared rather than having the best man for the job.

What have Wales to offer? The first name that springs to mind is Rex Willis, captain of Wales and of the Barbarians. Willis, a scrum-half, has wide international experience and a fine playing record.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 5th & Saturday 12th March, 1955.

To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club. THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES. The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days. The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting. Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Admission will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811). NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission. MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each per day and \$36.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11.00 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting. Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets. The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action. Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 322, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th April, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Weakened Pandas May Not Hold The Braves Tomorrow

With the Softball League schedule going into the last stretch, all preliminary rounds will be completed this week-end. Starting next week all the scheduled games will be of interest and importance. This week, however, the main Senior "A" League fixture will be a first class game. Opposed will be the League-leading Pandas Aces and the hard-hitting Braves. Both sides are well known for their tight defence and dynamic batting power.

Pandas Aces, though they have never been lucky in League competition are held in high esteem by other teams for their ability on the field and their fine sportsmanship. They are regarded by all the Senior "A" Teams as the toughest team to beat. Though at present they are leading together with the Saints, their backbone players, Y. S. Liang and Wallace Ma, were seriously injured during their game against the U.S. Navy a few weeks ago and will not be able to play for the rest of the season.

Their future now looks dim. They have three games to go, including today's against the Braves, and all of them hard ones. They have put James Herriek from their "B" Team on their roster but their batting power will be surely affected. They may not be able to hold the hardy Indian Tribesmen. Braves, who succumbed to their powerful opponents once before, should avenge themselves this time as their team remains intact while their rivals have been considerably weakened.

Another Senior "A" match between U.S. Navy and Warriors should see even competition. U.S. Navy is still represented by USS Wilson who have a very fast pitcher, Brown, but their hitting power is not very strong. Warriors possess more batting strength but their hitting is not so steady. However, they should be able to take the sailors into camp.

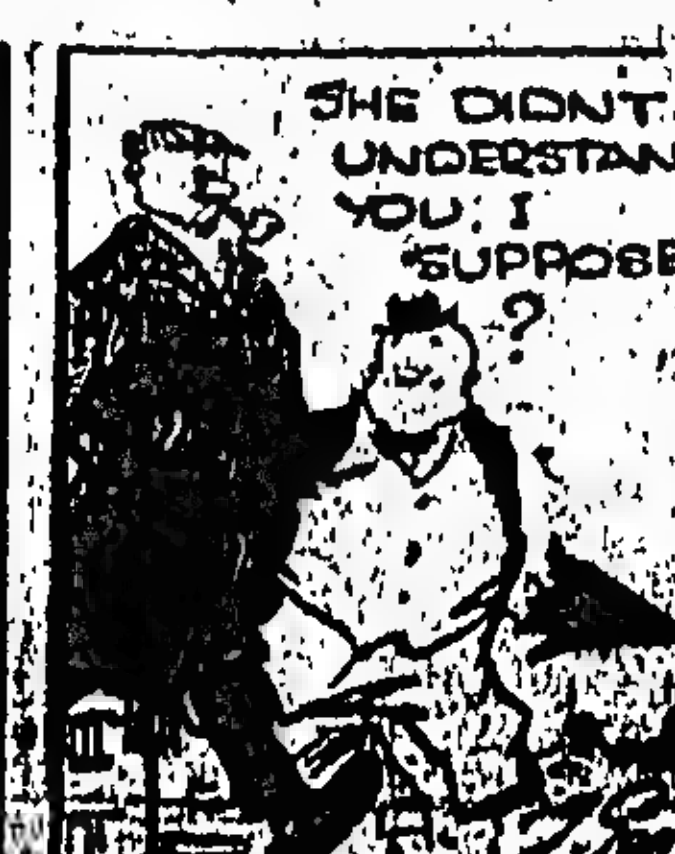
Junior League's P.I. Dodgers and CAA will fight for a play-off berth. Though both are of similar strength, the former are slightly favoured. Blackhaws Bees should defeat the younger and less experienced Lynxes. In the Ladies' Loop, Wahoes Aces and Bees will meet for the second time and the more experienced Aces are expected to win. The latter will play another game with Overseas Ladies in the afternoon and are favoured to score an easy victory. Collections Aces will play the Pandarettas in a double-header on Saturday. The latter, with more experienced players, should be able to walk away victorious.

THE PROGRAMME

Saturday
3.30 p.m.: (A) Collections 'A' vs. Pandas Ladies (Double-header); (B) Blackhaws 'A' vs. Lynxes.

Sunday
10.00 a.m.: (A) Wahoes 'B' vs. Wahoes 'A'; (B) Blackhaws 'A' vs. Pandas 'B'.
11.30 a.m.: (A) U.S. Navy vs. Warriors.

POP



LEAGUE CRICKET

All The Clubs Are Crying Out For "New Blood"

By "LEG GUARD"

While English schools in the Colony are doing their best to encourage schoolboys to take an active interest in cricket, the Colony's Cricket Clubs will have to look elsewhere for "new blood" to replace the old stalwarts who have been keeping the Clubs' colours flying for years.

In my rounds talking to cricketers and officials there is a cry for "new blood" everywhere. Veterans who rightly should take a back seat are still in the field merely because there has been a lack of replacements.

Catley's direction was not up to its usual accuracy and Hart Baker pitched too many of his leg breaks outside the leg stump to bother the batsmen.

THE SENIORS

In the three Senior League matches played last Saturday League leaders Kowloon Cricket Club maintained their position with a dramatic seven runs victory against the RAF at Kai Tak.

There are more former schoolboy footballers, athletes, swimmers soft ball and hockey players than there are cricketers.

This shortage of new players concerns not one or two clubs, but many. It is up to the clubs themselves to get replacements and there is no better source than cricketers leaving school.

There are the Old Boys Associations to help cricket clubs to get in touch with past students. It is no use moaning and wishing for the help if no effort is made by clubs to do everything to encourage young cricketers.

LAST WEEK'S MATCHES

Now we come to last week's matches. The RAF went a long way towards consolidating their Second Division championship prospects when they took four points from the KCC, but the Airman will probably be amongst the first to admit they were fortunate to get away with an outright win.

They battled far too long against a team which has been anything but prolific in run-getting, this season, and by leaving the KCC a maximum of only 65 minutes to score 180 runs, jeopardised their chances of winning.

That they did so in the last over of the day was largely due to a couple of highly suspect bow decisions against Lewis and Guilford, who, before their dismissal, had obtained the full measure of the RAF attack and appeared perfectly capable of playing out time.

It was a pity that the match had to end on a note of dissatisfaction. The RAF were clearly the stronger side and could have won with time and runs to spare if they had declared earlier.

The RAF are a good looking side and only the Army are now likely to challenge them for the Championship.

KCC's biggest need would appear to be another change bowler, although the existing attack is quite obviously capable of putting out the average Second Division side for a reasonable score. Crabtree was an unlucky bowler against the RAF.

Its usual accuracy and Hart Baker pitched too many of his leg breaks outside the leg stump to bother the batsmen.

It was a very low scoring game where bowlers were on top and fielding on both sides was good. For the KCC, Jenner was the hero, with a brilliantly sustained piece of bowling.

Fourth in the League, Club de Recreio's team will be greatly strengthened when they meet "Chappy" D'Almeida Remedios back in the team Remedios recently turned to the Colony recently after passing his Solicitor's examination in England.

A very good fielder, it will be interesting to watch how Remedios will fare as opening batsman. Recreio can expect to take points from the Police whose form this season has been variable.

Last week's Optimists' encounter at Chater Road was an exciting affair resulting in a drawn game, with a grand total of 408 runs scored.

The Optimists opening batsmen, Pritchard and Leader, batted quite well. MacPherson, Kibbee and Rowe also got among the runs and Optimists were able to declare at 235 for the loss of seven wickets.

At one stage it looked as though Optimists might win, but in the end, Kemp and Campion had to play out time. Opening the innings for the Scorpions, Knight and Cheer-ann were soon in trouble and Mahon took three fairly cheap wickets.

Pearce scored 14, including two boundary overthrows, but was then caught off a ball from Mahon which lifted very quickly from a good length.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE Mahon had then taken all the first four wickets, and it was another example of how much more successful he has been on matting wickets than on turf at the Cricket Club this season. Stanton had an enterprising knock of 46 which included some very attractive shots, but by and large he did not appear as comfortable as usual, and when he was out six wickets were down for considerably less than 100.

It looked then that Optimists were set for a comfortable victory. However, the veteran Donald Leach, aided by more than one fielding lapse, played extremely well for 61 and was well supported by Kemp who refused to be tempted by Leader or McPherson. On Leach's dismissal Campion arrived and succeeded in playing out time for the last three overs.

Universally remained pointless when they suffered their 13th defeat of the season at the hands of Craigengower Cricket Club last Saturday. Craigengower were without two of their regular players — George Souza and B. P. Dhafer — in a match they won by 83 runs.

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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

The Struggle For Power Is On

Plot-Hatching, Nest-Feathering, Mud-Slinging... And WORSE!

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Wherever one turns these days one hears stories of intrigue, plot-hatching, nest-feathering and worse... especially if the subject of discussion happens to be soccer.

There are two possible reactions to such talk. Either one swallows the whole thing and passes it on with suitable embellishment; discounts the story and adopts a convenient ostrich posture; or associates smoke with fire and decides to give each tale just as much credence as its matter and teller warrants... and then go ahead and try to verify it or prove it to be utterly untrue.

In the last week I have heard so many stories of what is supposed to be happening behind the scenes that it is sometimes hard to decide whether power, individual and collective, wealth, or a spirit of helpfulness to the game is the one that predominates in many circles.

Some months ago I suggested that the Hongkong Football Association was fast approaching a show of strength with other interests. From current happenings I am convinced that the "trial" is not very far off. In fact I believe that only the restraining influence of a few more moderate individuals has kept things from boiling over long ago.

If you recall the theme of "All the King's Men," a big box-office film of a year or two ago, you will get some idea of the "political" intrigue that is going on at the moment... and believe me it is not by any means a one-horse race.

Several people have suddenly shown a desire for power and it only one half of the current stories are true then no election will ever have been fought with a greater will to win at any cost than the next one for the Chairmanship of the Hongkong Football Association.

Those folks who see the HKFA only as a body sponsoring amateur soccer will probably think that what is going on is very strange... and on the surface it is... very much so.

NO MYSTERY

But actually there is no mystery about the whole thing. Soccer is the most popular and certainly the greatest money-earning sport in the Colony... but the matter goes very much deeper than that. It is a sport that by reason of its importance places a great deal of prestige, responsibility and power in the hands of high officials connected with it. Such power, wisely and well used, can only benefit the sport; misused it can do irreparable damage.

It is surely significant therefore that planning for the Chairmanship of the Association has started already when the present holder of the position still has almost half his tenure to complete... and I agree with those who say that the present goings-on are an open insult to that gentleman.

When Mr. C. S. Wang took up his office as successor to Mr. Jack Skinner he has no illusions about the difficulties that lay ahead of him, and I am sure that those folks who have an earnest interest in the advancement of football will agree that he has tackled the job with credit to himself and with an honesty of purpose that is to be admired.

There are people who say that he has not been strong enough in making his decisions... that he has lacked determination... and that he has on occasion allowed himself to be swayed against his better judgment by the sheer weight of forceful argument.

These things may have some substance to them. Judging by the current "platforms" of some would-be successors such things certainly would not happen if they were in the chair... but, be that as it may, Mr. Wang has done his job well. He has always displayed courtesy and good manners; an ability to avoid recriminations or public scenes; and an honest desire not to intrude unduly or unnecessarily in the work of the various committees that function within the Association. In short he has shown a dignity that is not always present in the conduct of some of the self-confessed candidates for his job.

INTERESTING

With all these stories of intrigue going around it is interesting to hear how unusual happenings are dealt with in other countries.

From the continent of Europe we have had the curious story of a completely unrecalled, from

ment being dashed out to players who had not done things quite according to the book.

One was suspended for a period longer than the normal expectation of life, and another was subjected to a huge financial fine.

There was also, of course, the public outcry against the great Hungarian team because they failed to win the World Cup last summer.

Two current stories from the United Kingdom show that there is a real and significant influence of a few more moderate individuals has kept things from boiling over long ago. Famous Scottish internationalist Bobby Ansell, at present manager of Dunfermline Athletic, has been fined £30 (£15,000) after it was proved that he had made an irregular approach to a player who was still on the books of another club and now the Home countries are again with the report that the powerful newspaper, The Sunday Dispatch, has issued an open challenge to the Football Association stating that it is in a position to produce to the FA conclusive evidence of a colossal racket in the British transfer market.

The strangest thing about this challenge is that the witness supreme in the whole affair is a famous manager of a famous club. The only qualifying condition of the set-up is that the star witness is ready to give all the facts only when the FA in the turn gives an assurance of an amnesty for the hundreds of players and officials said to be involved. The club manager has stated that he feels the racket is so widespread that the only sane step is to get it cleared up now before other, even less desirable, grafts attach themselves to the far-reaching tentacles.

Wherever football is played this possibility of a new upheaval in British soccer will be watched with interest... and maybe even with trepidation.

WEEK-END GAMES

Here is the programme of games listed for this week-end:

Today

Kitchee v. St. Joseph's at Caroline Hill at 4.30 p.m.
Club v. Eastern at Culb Stadium at 4.30 p.m.
Police v. CAA at Boundary Street at 4.30 p.m.

Tomorrow

South China v. R.A.F. at Caroline Hill at 4.30 p.m.
Sing Tao v. Army at Club Stadium at 4.30 p.m.

This afternoon the fans will make the trip to Caroline Hill to see the League leaders in action against St. Joseph's. The Saints have lost something of their early season dash but Kitchee would be very wrong to think that this is going to be an easy points collecting task.

The virile Saints are just the sort of side to run the veteran Kitchee players into ground. If once they get the upper hand but it may well be that at the end the sides will have to share the issue.

Club, without stalwarts Falconer and Paton, will be hard put to it to save a point against Eastern, but after their good showing against Sing Tao Police will start favourites to beat CAA at Boundary Street.

The clash of the brilliant young Tigers and the Army will draw the crowd to the Club Stadium tomorrow and whatever else happens the fans will be assured of an encounter fought out in good sporting fashion.

The Soldiers are one of the very few teams to beat Sing Tao this season and this will no doubt make the Tigers keener than ever, to come out on top.

If the Sing Tao players have recovered from last week's injuries they will probably start favourites but there will be very little in it at the end.

South China, still very much in the race for the big double, will find the Royal Air Force a team of willing opponents. Even if Toth is fit to take his place in the RAF line-up the odds are very much in favour of the Caroline Hill boys... but they will have to be careful and remember the upset of the season just a year ago.

Furgol Begins Life At 284

By DESMOND HACKETT

This is the story of 37-year-old Ed Furgol, from Missouri, winner of the American Open Golf Championship, who is coming to St. Andrews in July to challenge for the British Open. Here is the story of a sporting outcast, the man nobody wanted to know until he became a Champion.

It is a story of bright courage and tremendous heart because when Ed Furgol was only 11, he smashed his left elbow fooling around in a playground. He was in bed for two years and came out of that crash with his left arm withered and seven inches shorter than his right. Any other man would never have thought of golf.

Furgol was thoughtlessly tormented by the other kids about his shattered arm. They stopped their jibes when this kid took up boxing and socked his tormentors solidly on the nose.

That was Furgol. He was always taking a swing at life. He had a chip on his shoulder the size of a log.

ED VOWS

He tried to become a boxer but could not get a licence because of his shattered arm. It was then he vowed: "I will become a golfer—and a champion."

Every waking moment was concentrated into putting back strength into a crippled arm.

In 1945 he had become a professional golfer. But Ed remained a lonely man.

The big names had little time for Ed Furgol. He was just another struggling golfer, a man who somewhere along the way had forgotten to write success behind his name.

He was just a crippled golfer who hung around the million-dollar golf trail lucky to break even over the seasons.

They could not recognize the stout heart that made Furgol keep saying: "I WILL become Champ... I WILL become Champ."

ED LONELY

Maybe that they know they would have laughed... as years before the kids in the street laughed at the boy with a withered arm.

Ed Furgol was a lonely guy when he left his club, the Westwood at Clayton, Missouri, to head for the Open at Lush Balmoral in New Jersey.

His funds were really low. His wife had had to stay away from the Open for the first time in nine years.

The crowd left Ed severely alone. Not even a first round of 71 to him in second place with fabulous Ben Hogan won him a gallery or a mention. He was still level second with Hogan after his second round of 70.

But it was still the same... nobody had time to watch a man with a crippled left arm playing golf.

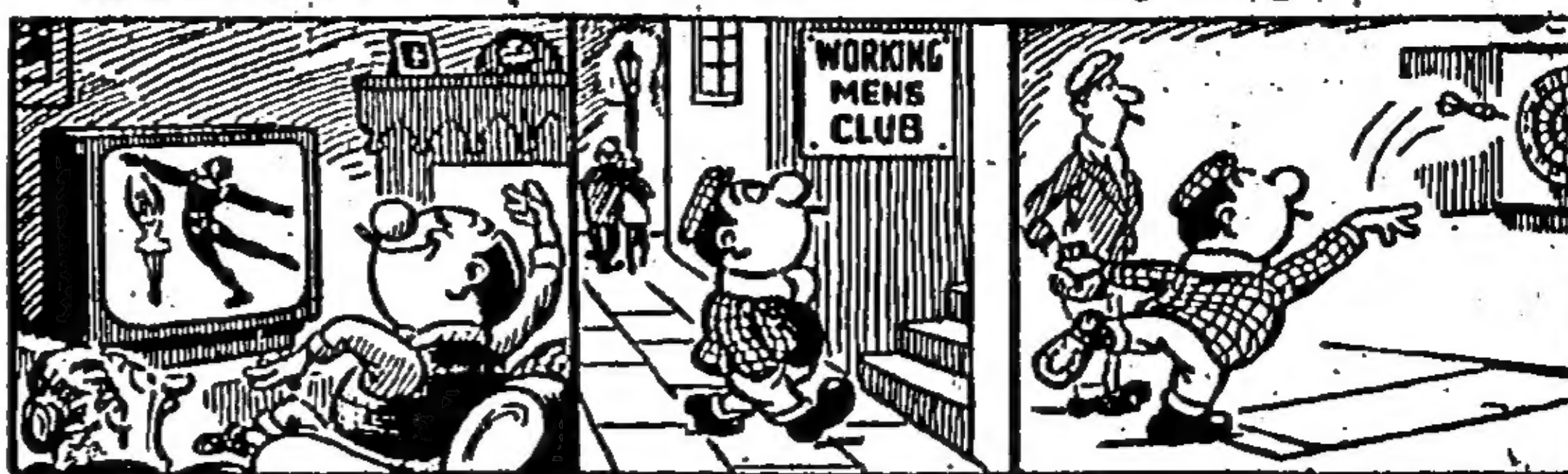
ED WEEPS

The night before the final 36 holes, that nerve-ripping test which makes great golfers Ed wept in his loneliness.

Then, the magic word "caddy" was beginning to be said... and the crowd began to gather.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



The Days Of The Successful Cricketer-Footballer Are Gone For Good

Says DENNIS HART

C. B. Fry... Andy Ducat... Joe Hulme... Denis Compton... Arthur Milton... and — ?

Who will be next in England's great cricketer-footballer tradition? Or will there be a next?

A fortnight ago Arthur Milton, just 27, forsook soccer's highest grade when he left Arsenal for Third Division Bristol City. He will still play football, but cricket will be his No. 1 sport.

His going may mark the end of an era, that of the all-rounder. We now live in the days of the specialist; international sport is a cut-throat business, and a full-time one.

In leisurely pre-war days a player could fit in both games. Football was played solely in the winter and nearly always in Britain. The only regular cricket tours were the Australian trips once every four years.

Not now. Football is virtually an all-year-round job. The home season ends in May. International or club tours often go on well into June; the end of July sees players reporting for training.

NOMADIC EXISTENCE
Cricketer has become a nomadic existence. Players spend summer touring England and most winters touring the world.

The last time some England players saw a home winter was 1952. Six of the past nine winters have seen English cricketers steaming for the sunny south. Doesn't leave much time for football, does it?

Expansion is progress. The price is specialization. A dear price. It lays waste so much talent.

Take Milton's case. Just after the war quiet-spoken Arthur blossomed into the brightest all-round sporting prospect since Denis Compton. In fact, he promised to outshine even the illustrious Denis.

Like Compton, he went to Arsenal as a winger, and played cricket for his native Gloucestershire, the county of Grace and Hammond.

Two brilliant careers lay before him.

The year 1951 seemed to confirm all he had promised. In March he made his debut for Arsenal's first team. The following November, only eleven games later, he played for England against Australia. In between, during the summer, he had scored over 1,500 runs for Gloucester.

That was four years ago. Since then Milton has faded from the scene. The nearest he came to further international honours was in 1953 when he was 12th man in one of the Tests against Australia.

Regularly he has begun both cricket and football seasons late, owing to demands of the other sport. In cricket he has been struggling to find his form while others have had a month to get their eye in. In football he has been struggling to gain his Arsenal place in preference to the player selected in his absence.

TOUCH DECISION

So one sport had to take second place. No doubt, that cricket offers five or so more playing years than soccer, Milton decided to concentrate on the summer game.

He was going to give up football. But Bristol City, his home town team, needed a class

"If a man wants a thing badly enough and hard enough he will get it."

Ed Furgol, we look forward to knowing you. Everybody at St. Andrews likes to know a golfer, but they will stand up and cheer for a golfer with a fighting heart...

(—London Express Service)



Drink it by itself served cold with a slice of Lemon — that's how they enjoy it in France; or have a Gin and St. Raphael.

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ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



Whatever the subject CAPTURE IT WITH-



